



**Now...** IN HIS OWN  
MAGAZINE...

MAY

NO. 1



# HAWKMAN





Featuring  
**"MASTER of the  
SKY-WEAPONS!"**


MURPHY  
ANDERSON



# HAWKMAN



EVER SINCE THEY FIRST CAME TO EARTH, **HAWKMAN** AND **HAWKGIRL**-- WHO ARE LAW OFFICERS ON THEIR NATIVE PLANET **THANAGAR**--HAVE BEEN STUDYING EARTH-POLICE METHODS.

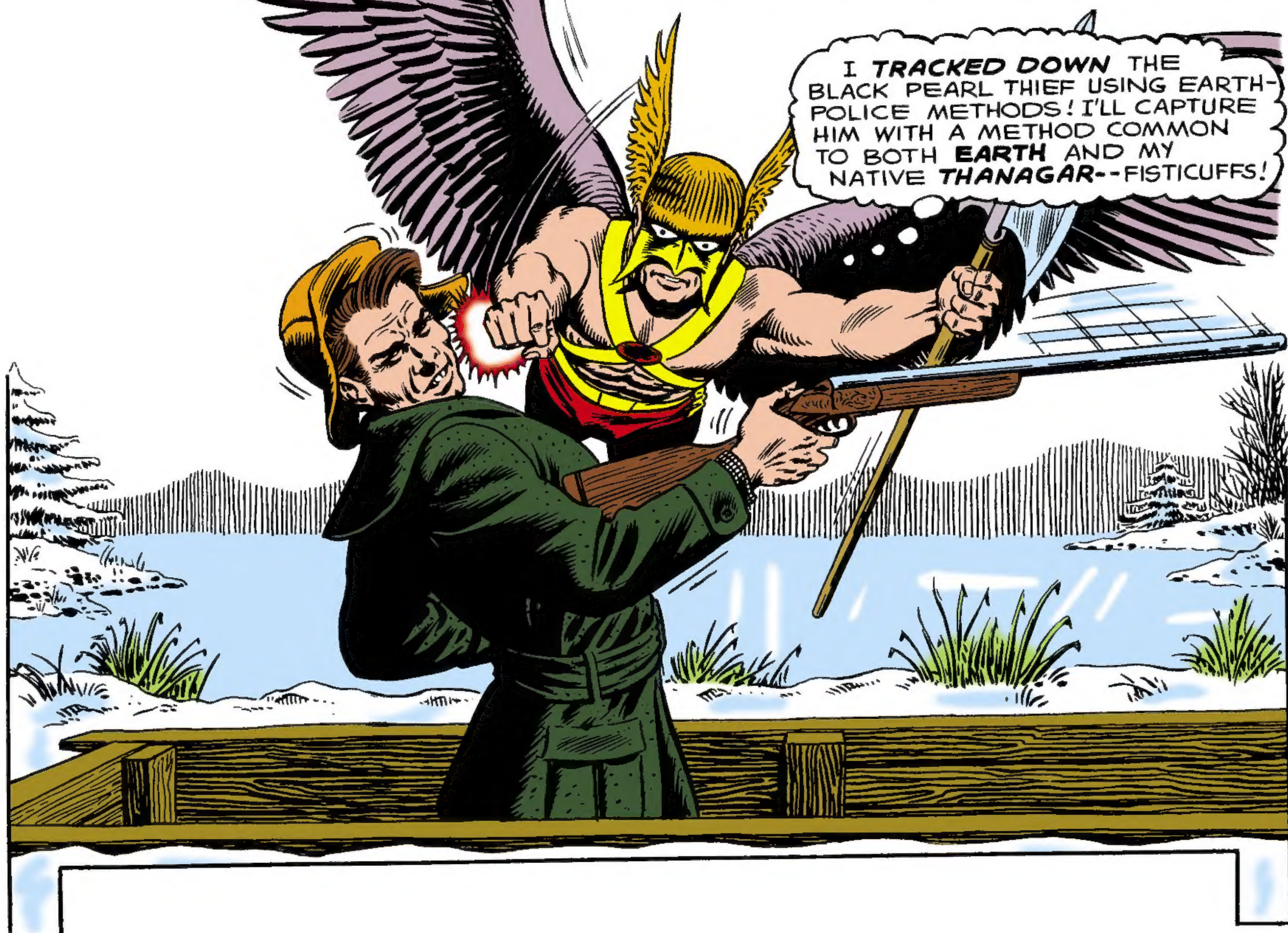


WHEN A PRICELESS BLACK PEARL NECKLACE IS MYSTERIOUSLY STOLEN, IT AFFORDS **HAWKMAN** AN OPPORTUNITY TO MATCH THOSE METHODS HE HAS LEARNED AGAINST **THANAGARIAN** POLICE TECHNIQUES AS USED BY HIS WIFE **HAWKGIRL**-- IN THE CASE OF THE--

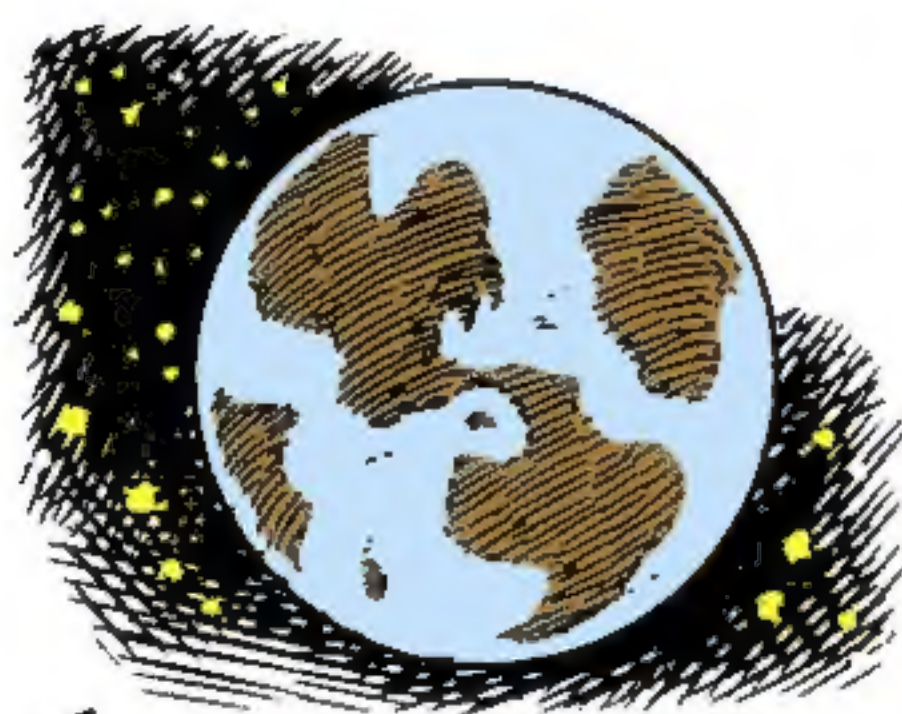
## **RIVALRY** OF THE WINGED WONDERS!



I TRACKED DOWN THE BLACK PEARL THIEF USING EARTH-POLICE METHODS! I'LL CAPTURE HIM WITH A METHOD COMMON TO BOTH **EARTH** AND MY NATIVE **THANAGAR**--FISTICUFFS!







IN A COUNCIL ROOM ON THE PLANET **THANAGAR**, A WINGED MAN FAMILIAR TO EARTH EYES RISES TO HIS FEET...

YOU'VE BEEN ON EARTH SOME TIME NOW, **KATAR**--STUDYING ITS POLICE METHODS. CAN YOU TELL US NOW HOW WELL THIS MISSION IS WORKING OUT?

INDEED I CAN, **ANDAR PUL**. JUST BEFORE **HAWKGIRL** AND I LEFT **EARTH** TO COME HERE TO **THANAGAR** FOR OUR REPORT, AN INTERESTING CASE HAPPENED WHICH PROVES...



HOLD ON! **EARTH** IS FAR BEHIND **THANAGAR** IN ITS SCIENCES AND IN MANY OF ITS ART FORMS. DO YOU CLAIM IT OFFERS SOMETHING SUPERIOR TO OUR OWN LAW ENFORCEMENT TECHNIQUES?

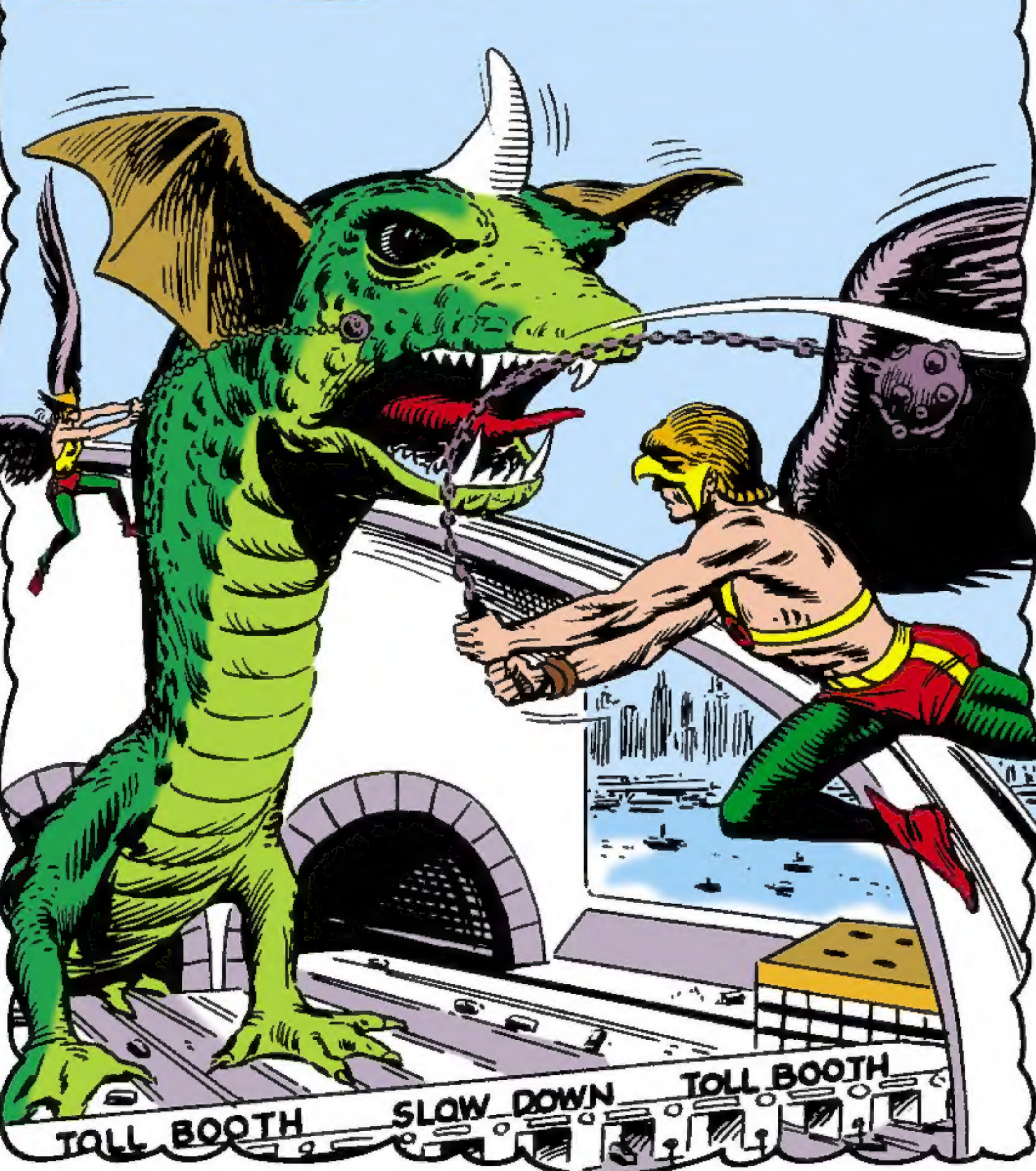
I'LL ANSWER THAT, **ANDAR PUL**. YES, IT CAN! I SPEAK THROUGH THE VOICE OF BITTER EXPERIENCE. TELL HIM, **KATAR**!



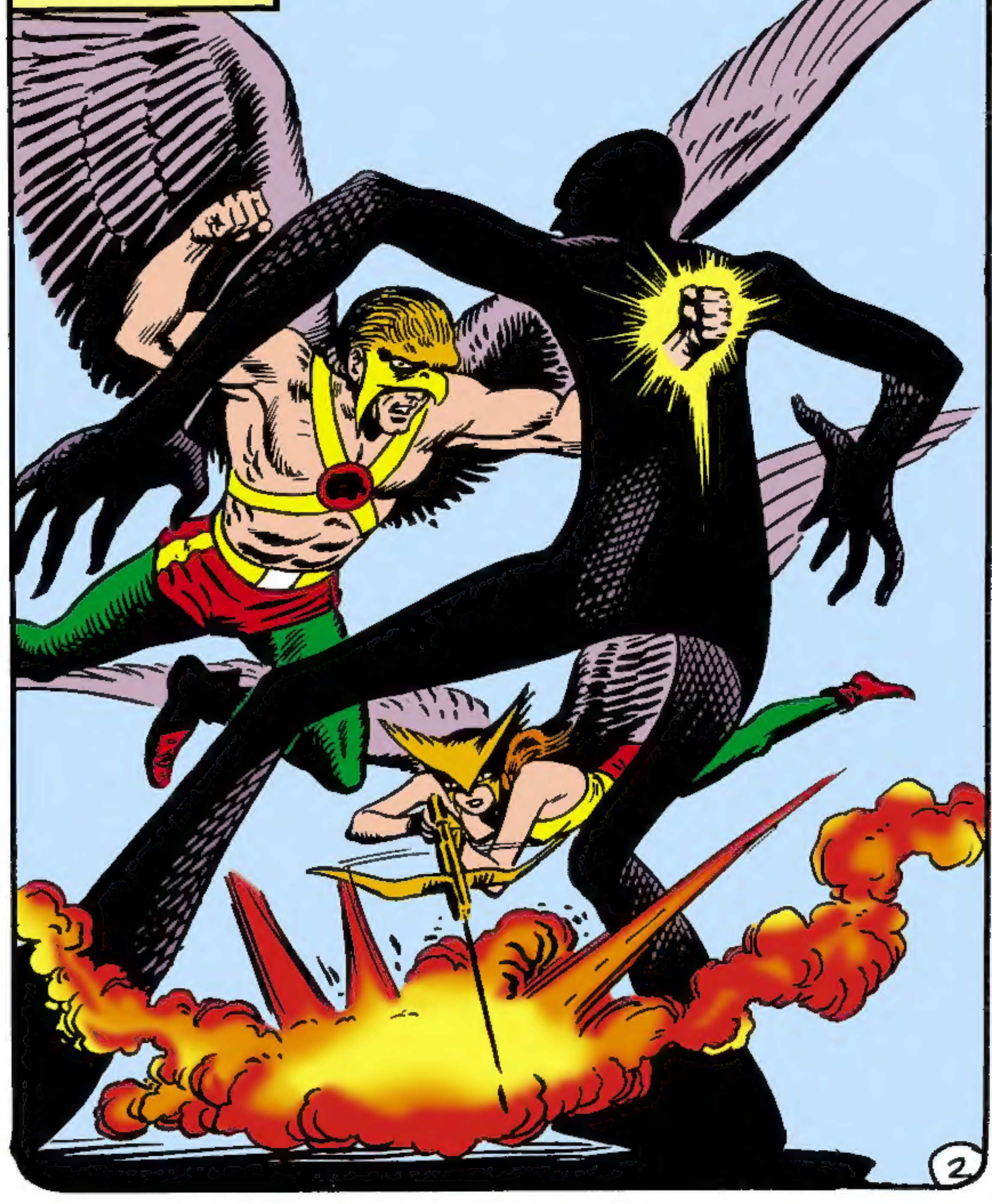
AND SO **KATAR HOL**, THE **THANAGARIAN** POLICE OFFICER KNOWN ON **EARTH** AS **CARTER (HAWKMAN) HALL**, THE **MIDWAY CITY** MUSEUM CURATOR, WHO WITH HIS WIFE **SHAYERA (HAWKGIRL)** IS ON **EARTH** IN A STUDY PROGRAM, BEGINS HIS STORY...



"AS YOU KNOW, WE FIRST WENT TO **EARTH** TO CAPTURE ONE OF OUR OWN CRIMINALS, A MAN NAMED **BYTH**, WHO HAD THE ASTONISHING POWER OF CHANGING HIS PHYSICAL APPEARANCE TO ANY SHAPE HE DESIRED..."

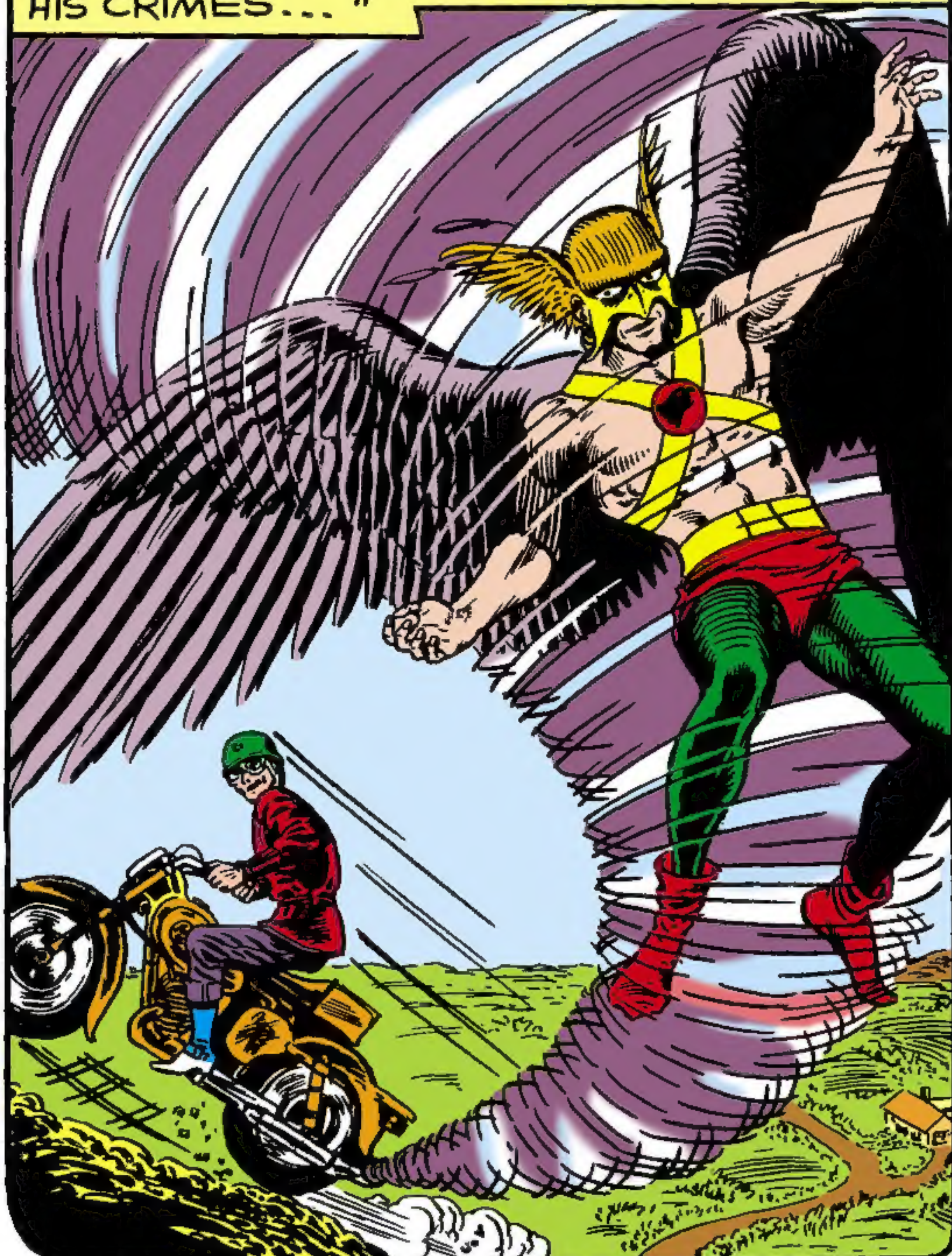


"WE FOUGHT STRANGE CRIMINALS OF THAT PLANET TOO, WHEN WE BEGAN OUR RESIDENCE, AMONG THEM THE **SHADOW THIEF OF MIDWAY CITY**..."





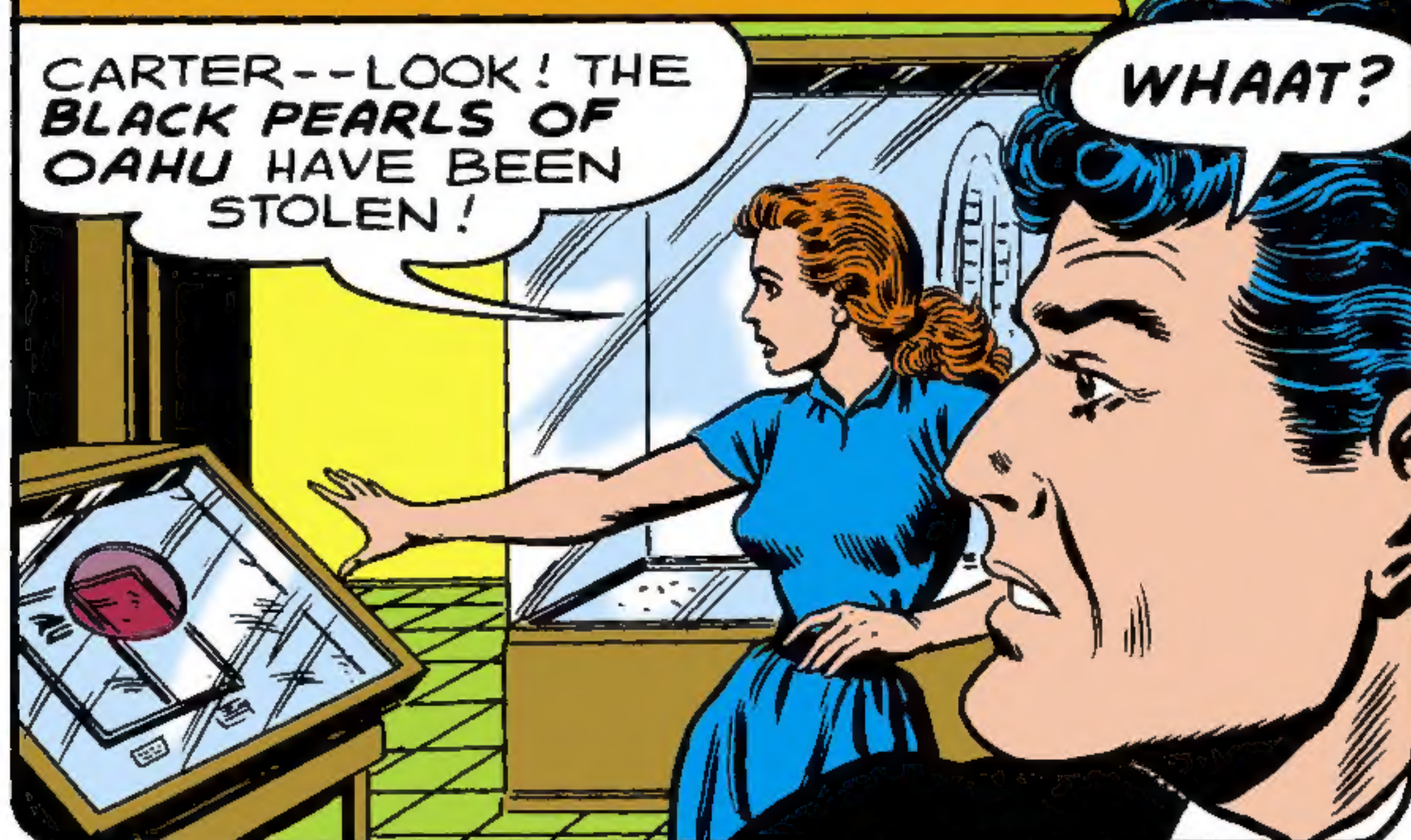
"RECENTLY I BATTLED A CRIMINAL WHO USED A SUPER-POWERED MOTORCYCLE TO COMMIT HIS CRIMES..."



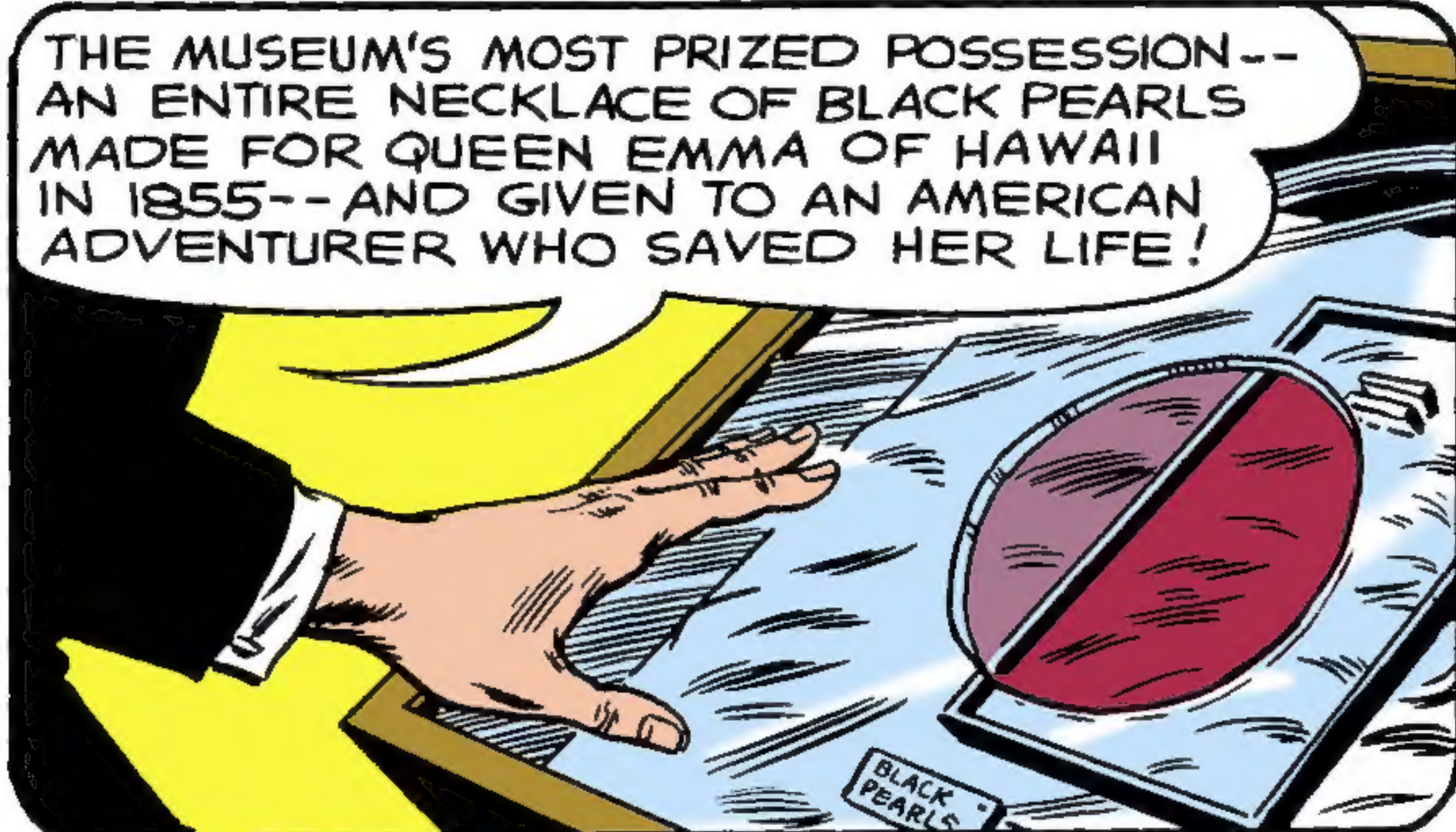
"THEN, A FEW DAYS AGO AS SHAYERA AND I ARRIVED EARLY AT THE MUSEUM..."

CARTER--LOOK! THE BLACK PEARLS OF OAHU HAVE BEEN STOLEN!

WHAAT?



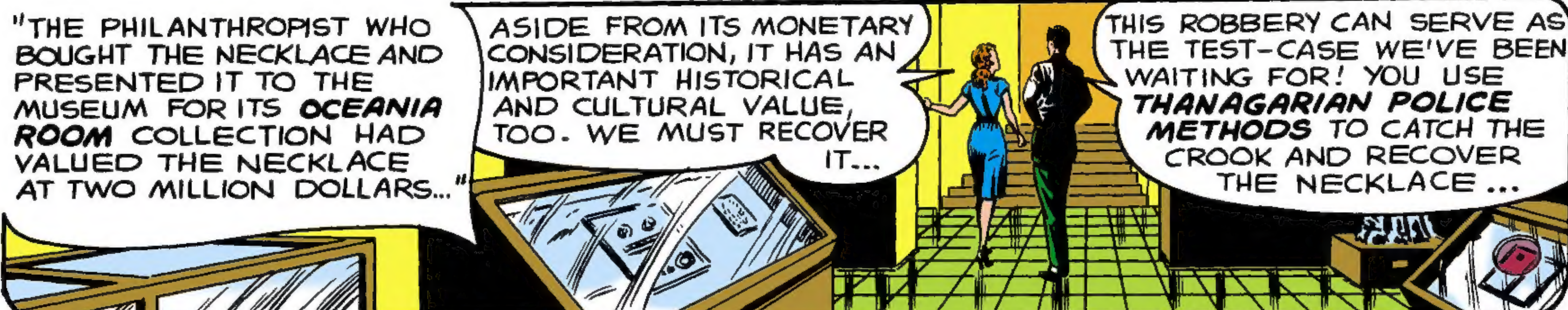
THE MUSEUM'S MOST PRIZED POSSESSION--AN ENTIRE NECKLACE OF BLACK PEARLS MADE FOR QUEEN EMMA OF HAWAII IN 1855--AND GIVEN TO AN AMERICAN ADVENTURER WHO SAVED HER LIFE!



"THE PHILANTHROPIST WHO BOUGHT THE NECKLACE AND PRESENTED IT TO THE MUSEUM FOR ITS OCEANIA ROOM COLLECTION HAD VALUED THE NECKLACE AT TWO MILLION DOLLARS..."

ASIDE FROM ITS MONETARY CONSIDERATION, IT HAS AN IMPORTANT HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL VALUE, TOO. WE MUST RECOVER IT...

THIS ROBBERY CAN SERVE AS THE TEST-CASE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! YOU USE THANAGARIAN POLICE METHODS TO CATCH THE CROOK AND RECOVER THE NECKLACE...



"MOMENTS LATER, IN OUR PRIVATE OFFICE..."

...AND I'LL USE MY KNOWLEDGE OF EARTH POLICE METHODS! IT WILL GIVE US A CHANCE TO TEST BOTH TECHNIQUES UNDER "BATTLEFIELD" CONDITIONS!

GOOD! IT WILL BE SORT OF A RIVALRY BETWEEN US! I'LL LEAVE NOW TO GET THE INSTRUMENTS I NEED.



"IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR HAWKGIRL TO FLY UP TO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE, WHERE WE LEFT OUR SPACESHIP IN ORBIT--UNSEEN BY EARTH BECAUSE OF ITS ANTI-DETECTION DEVICES..."

THE THERMOTECTOR SHOULD PICK UP THE THIEF'S FOOTPRINTS--AND THE LUSTROMETER WILL HELP ME FIND THE JEWELS IF HE'S HIDDEN THEM!





"WHILE I DUSTED THE DISPLAY CASE FOR FINGER-PRINTS, **HAWKGIRL** SEARCHED FOR THE THIEF'S FOOTPRINTS..."

SINCE THE THIEF CAME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, THE HEAT OF HIS FOOT-PRINTS WILL DIFFER RADICALLY FROM THAT OF OTHER VISITORS AND OUR OWN. AH, I HAVE THE SETTING.

I'M GETTING PLENTY OF PRINTS. I HOPE ONE OF THEM WORKS OUT.



"**HAWKGIRL** QUICKLY TOOK OFF ON THE TRAIL OF HER FOOTPRINTS. TAKING ALONG A HALBERD, I PAID A VISIT TO POLICE COMMISSIONER GEORGE EMMETT, THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS THE SECRET OF OUR DOUBLE IDENTITIES..."

I'LL THROW THE FULL WEIGHT OF THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT BEHIND YOU, **HAWKMAN!**

I HOPE THE FINGER-PRINTS I DUSTED GIVE ME SOME CLUE.



"WHEN NONE OF THE FINGER-PRINTS MATCHED THOSE OF ANY KNOWN CRIMINAL..."

EVIDENTLY, THE THIEF WORE GLOVES, **HAWKMAN**.

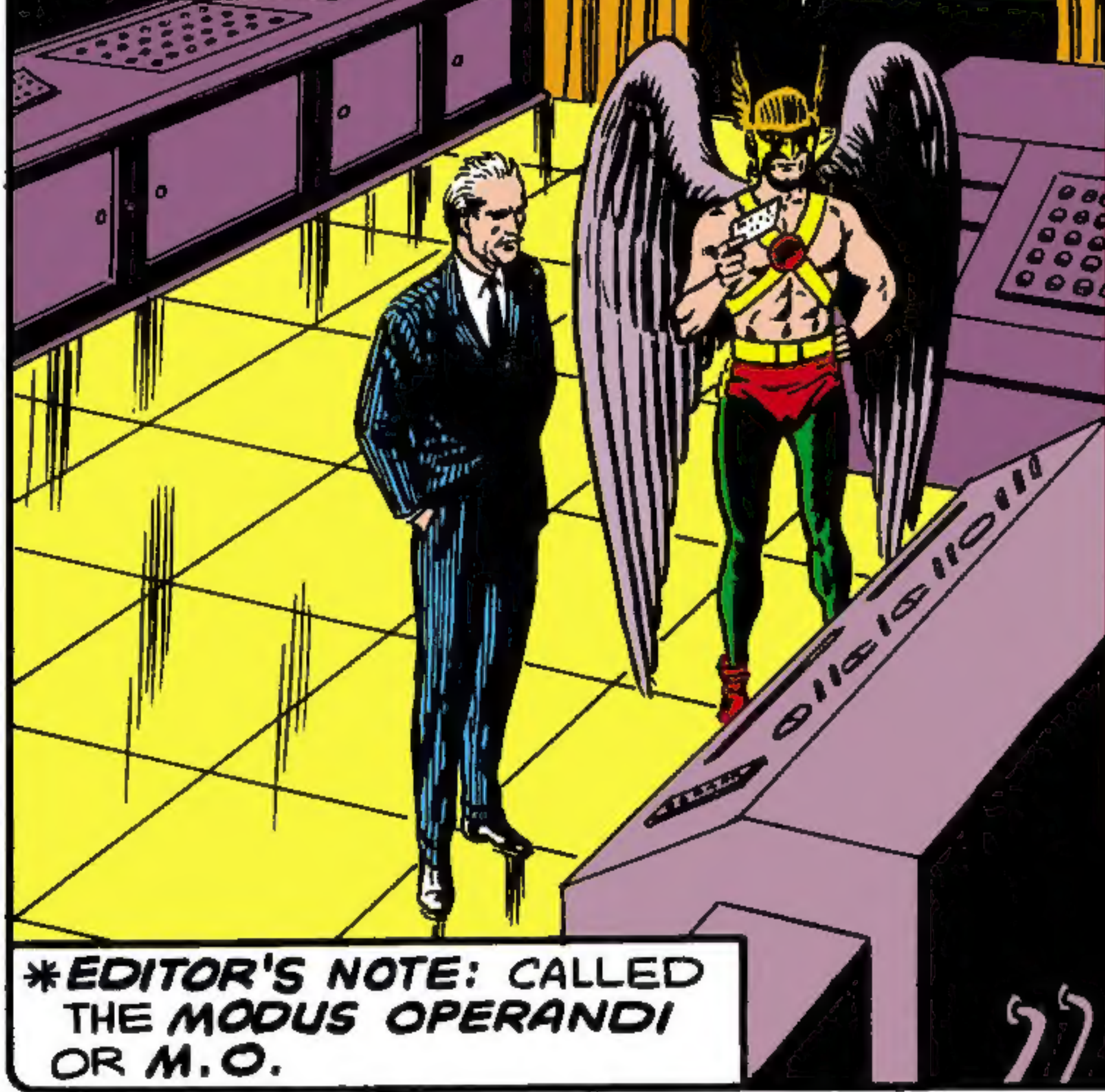
THAT IN ITSELF IS A CLUE, COMMISSIONER! I'M AFTER A CAREFUL, THOROUGH THIEF. LET'S FEED WHAT FACTS WE DO HAVE TO THE MACHINE!



"ON EARTH, MANY LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES HAVE MECHANICAL DEVICES WHICH-- WITH PRE-PUNCHED CARDS-- CAN REVEAL CONSIDERABLE INFORMATION ABOUT THE WAY A MAN COMMITS HIS CRIMES\*..."

THIS PUNCHED CARD INDICATES THE FACTS OF THE ROBBERY-- AND WHAT WE DO KNOW ABOUT THE THIEF.

WE KNOW THE THIEF HAS ROBBED A MUSEUM BY WAY OF A DISPLAY CASE FROM WHICH GLASS WAS CUT IN A PERFECT CIRCLE. THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED AT NIGHT AND THE THIEF LEFT NO FINGERPRINTS. NOW TO SET THE MACHINE IN MOTION.



\*EDITOR'S NOTE: CALLED THE MODUS OPERANDI OR M.O.



"AT THIS TIME, **HAWKGIRL** WITH HER **THERMOTECTOR** WAS FLYING RAPIDLY AWAY FROM **MIDWAY CITY**..."

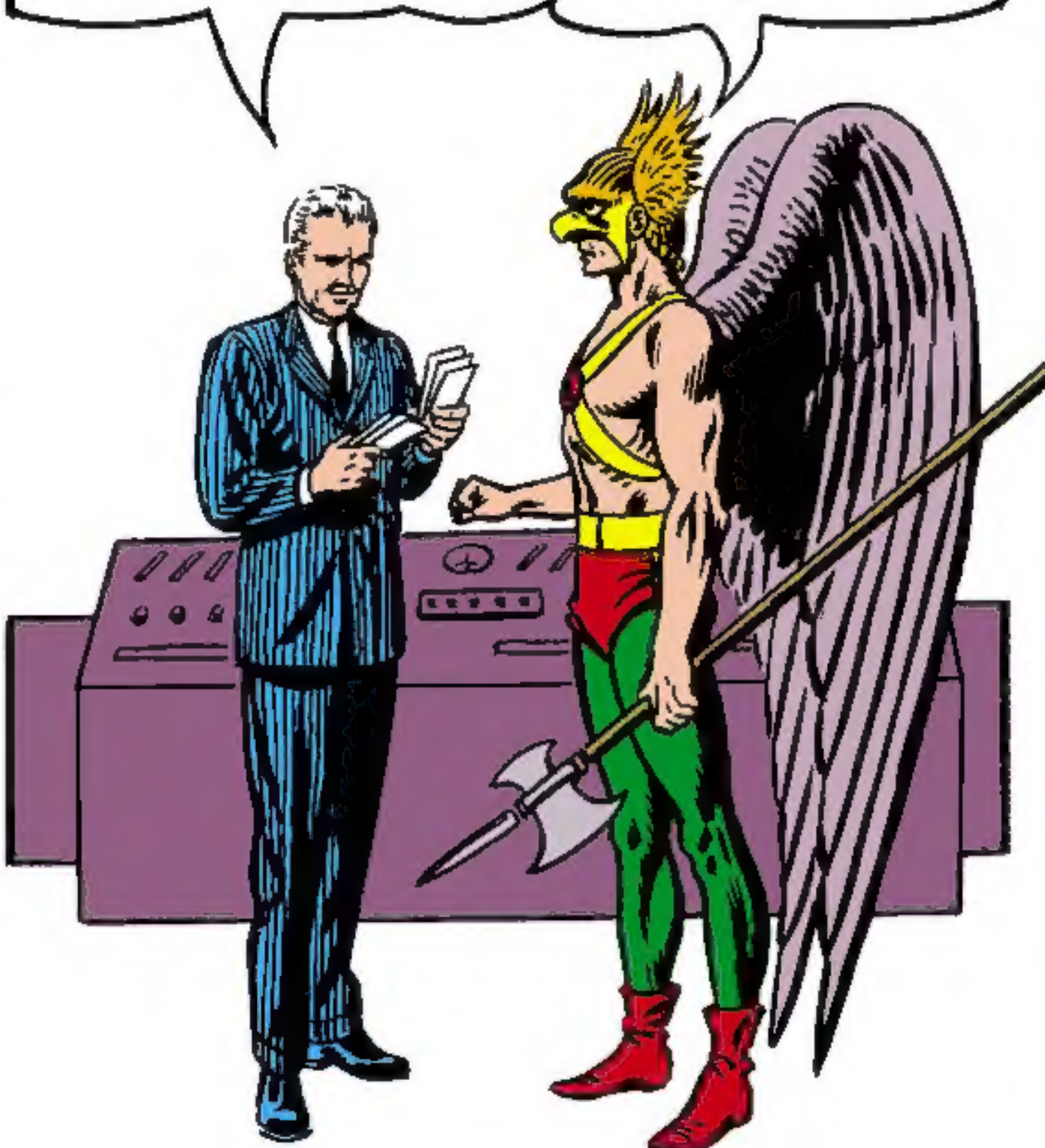
THE THIEF ENTERED A CAR SOME DISTANCE FROM THE MUSEUM BUT I MANAGED TO ADJUST THE CONTROLS FOR TIRES SO I CAN STILL FOLLOW HIM!



"MEANWHILE, WE WERE GETTING RESPONSES TO OUR PUNCHED CARD ABOUT THE THIEF, WITH A HALF DOZEN 'POSSIBLES'..."

SIX MEN FILL THE BILL. HMMM. ONE OF THEM IS KNOWN TO BE IN EUROPE. TWO ARE DEAD AND-- TWO ARE IN JAIL THAT LEAVES ONLY HAL PARKER!

I'D LIKE ALL THE INFORMATION ON HIM I CAN GET, COMMISSIONER!



"AGAIN PUNCHED CARDS WERE RUN THROUGH THE MACHINE AND..."

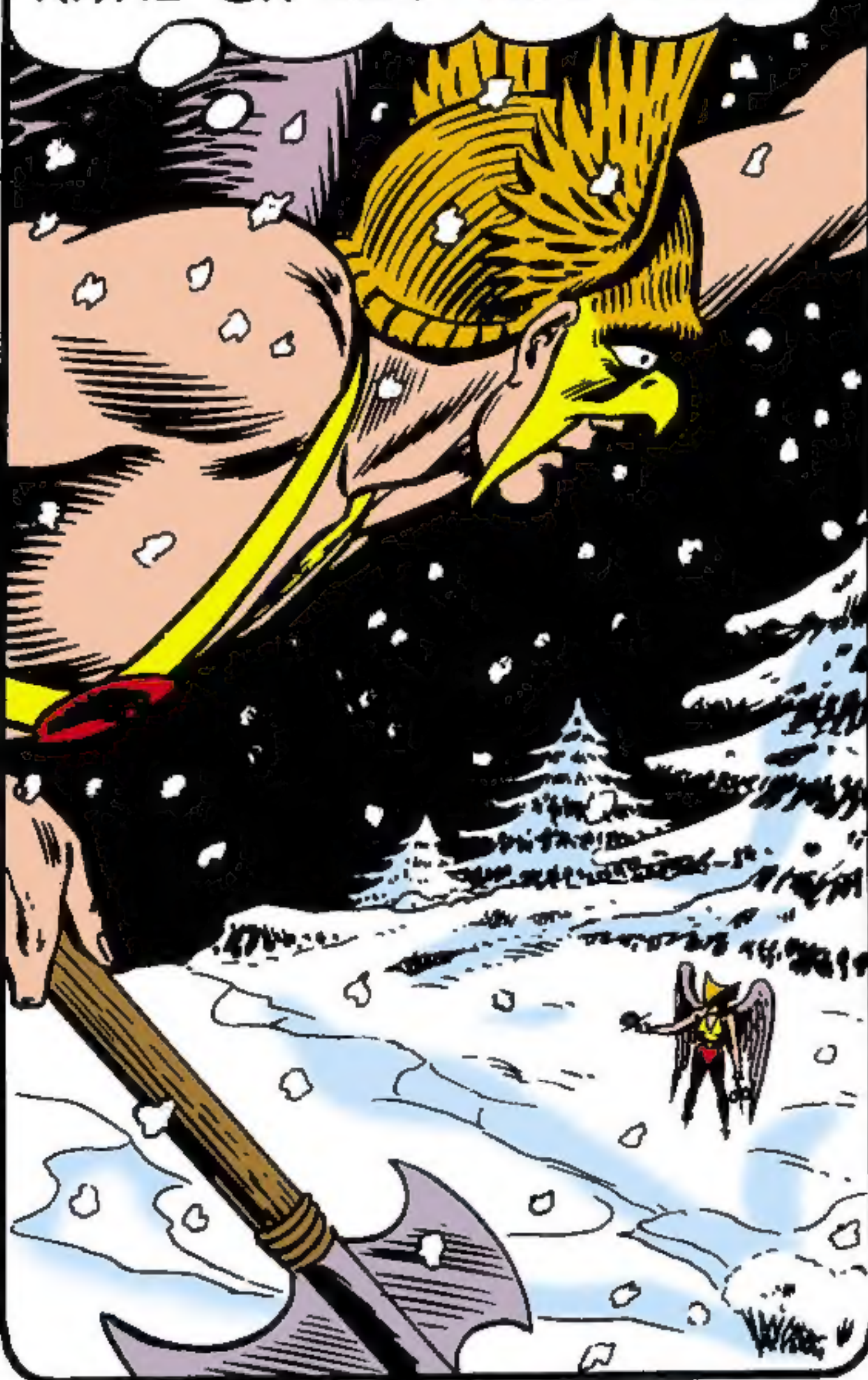
IT SEEMS AFTER EACH JOB HE PULLS, PARKER UNWINDS BY GOING HUNTING IN THE NORTH WOODS. NOT MUCH CHANCE OF FINDING HIM IN A VAST WILDERNESS, THOUGH.

I'VE GOT ALL THE HELP I CAN GET FROM MAN-MADE MACHINES. NOW IT'S TIME TO RELY ON THE HUMAN BRAIN TO TRACK HIM DOWN.



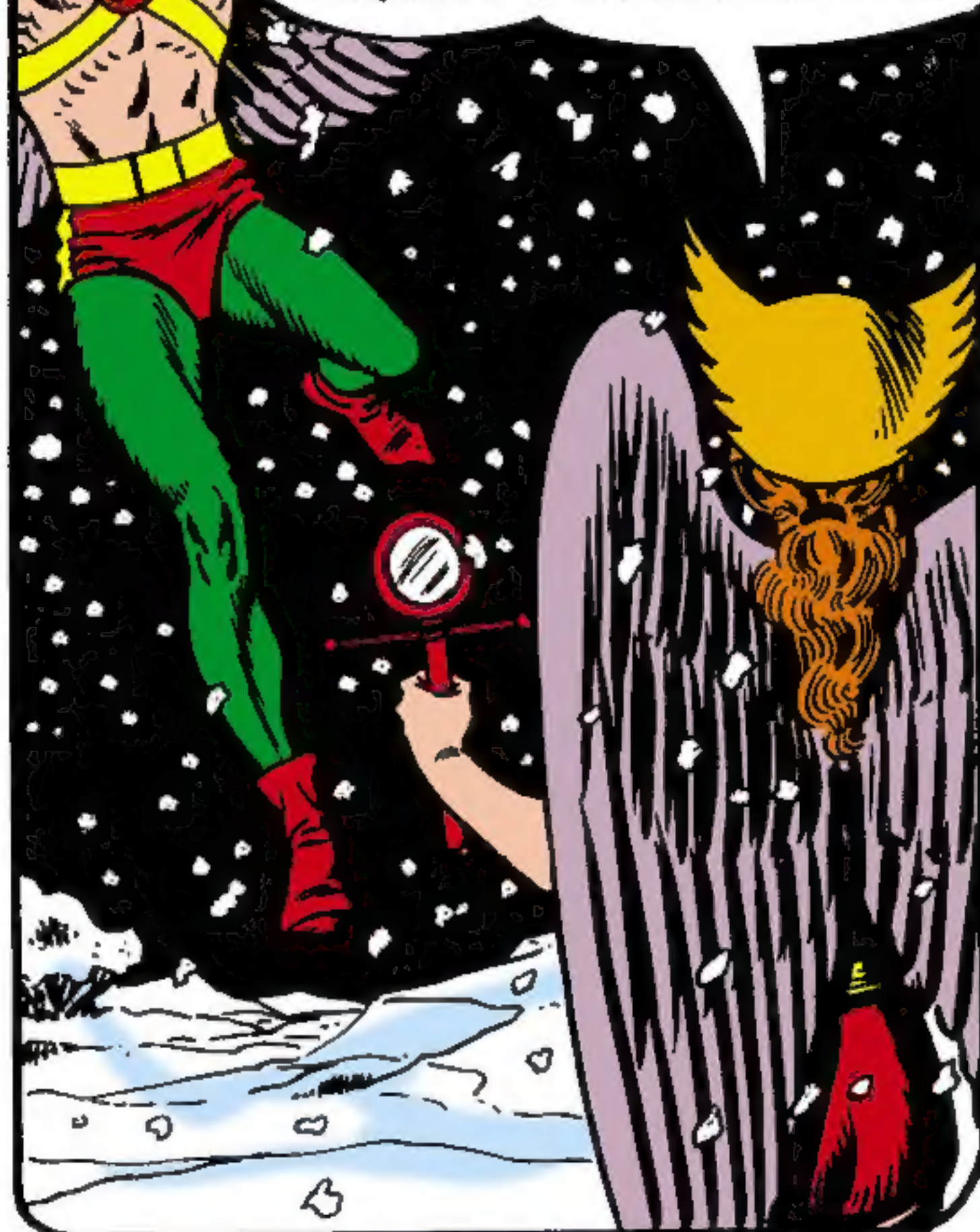
"LATE THAT NIGHT, I WAS FAR NORTH OF **MIDWAY CITY**, WINGING MY WAY THROUGH FALLING SNOWFLAKES IN THE TEETH OF A BITING WIND WHEN--"

THERE'S **HAWKGIRL** DOWN BELOW! I'LL CHECK WITH MY "RIVAL" ON HER PROGRESS...



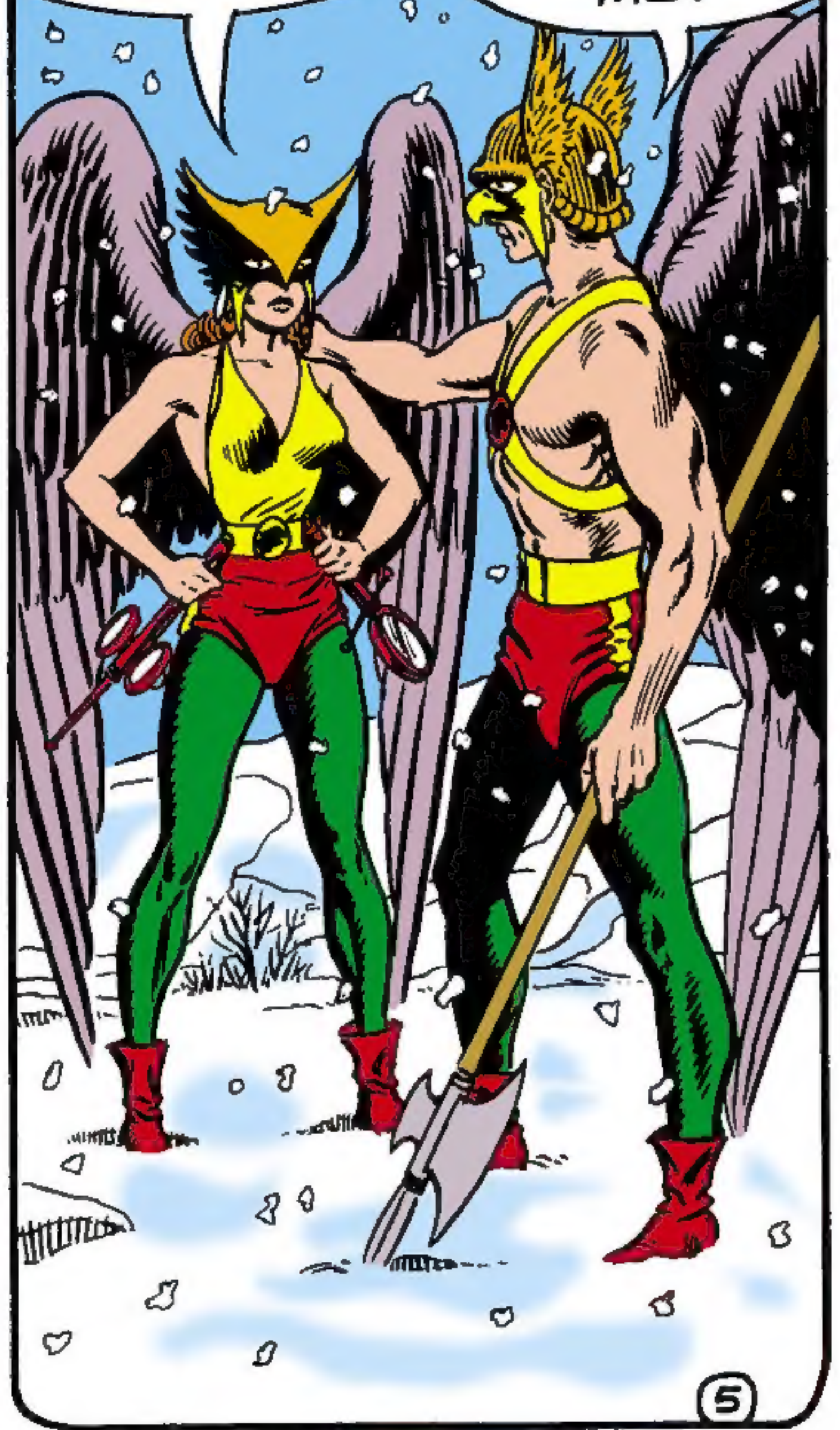
HOW GOES IT, DEAR?

MY TRAIL'S GONE COLD! THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED ON **THANAGAR** WHERE WE **CONTROL** OUR WEATHER! HERE ON **EARTH**, IT'S SO --UNPREDICTABLE! HOW WAS I TO KNOW I'D RUN INTO AN UNSEASONABLE COLD SNAP-- PREVENTING MY DELICATE THERMOTECTOR COILS FROM FUNCTIONING?



SOHH! IT MAKES ME SO MAD! I WAS DOING FINE, WHEN-- ZUT! I'M NOWHERE!

THEN YOU WANT TO DROP EVERYTHING AND COME ALONG WITH ME?





OH, NO! I STARTED OUT TO USE **THANAGARIAN** POLICE METHODS-- AND I MEAN TO STAY WITH THEM!

ODD THE WAY THIS CASE HAS DEVELOPED! YOU PICKED UP THE THIEF'S TRAIL-- AND LOST IT! I STARTED OUT WITH NO TRAIL-- AND PICKED ONE UP!

 A close-up of Hawkman and a woman with blonde hair in a snowy environment. Hawkman is on the right, wearing his yellow and black costume with a bird-like mask. The woman is on the left, looking at him with a concerned expression. Snowflakes are falling around them.

"GRIMLY, SHE WATCHED AS I TOOK TO THE AIR AGAIN..."

YOU'VE GOT THE JUMP ON ME NOW, **HAWKMAN!** BUT I'LL BE CATCHING UP...

GOOD GIRL! THE TOUGHER THE COMPETITION, THE BETTER I LIKE IT!

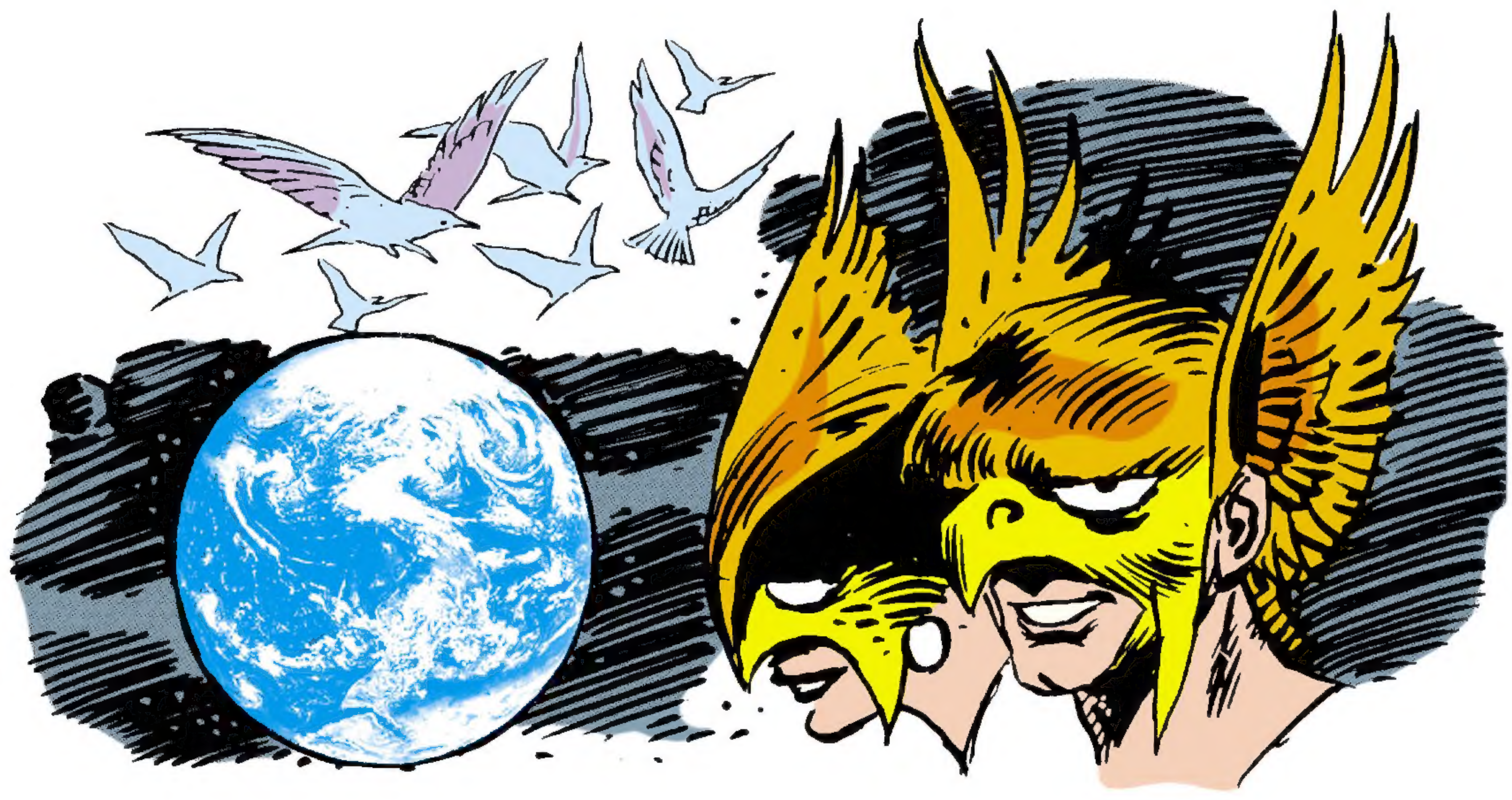
 Hawkman is shown flying away from a woman who is looking after him. He is holding a spear. The woman is holding a small red object. The background is a snowy landscape with a blue sky.

"I COULD HAVE APPLIED THE STANDARD EARTH METHOD OF TRAILING A CRIMINAL BY QUESTIONING PEOPLE AT GAS STATIONS OR RESTAURANTS WHERE HE MAY HAVE STOPPED, BUT..."

SOMETIMES A DETECTIVE HAS TO IMPROVISE--AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS OWN SPECIAL ABILITIES! IT'S TIME FOR SOME **BIRD TALK**...

 Hawkman is shown in flight, holding a spear. He is wearing his yellow and black costume. The background is a blue sky with snowflakes.

STORY CONTINUES ON *NEXT* PAGE FOLLOWING... 6

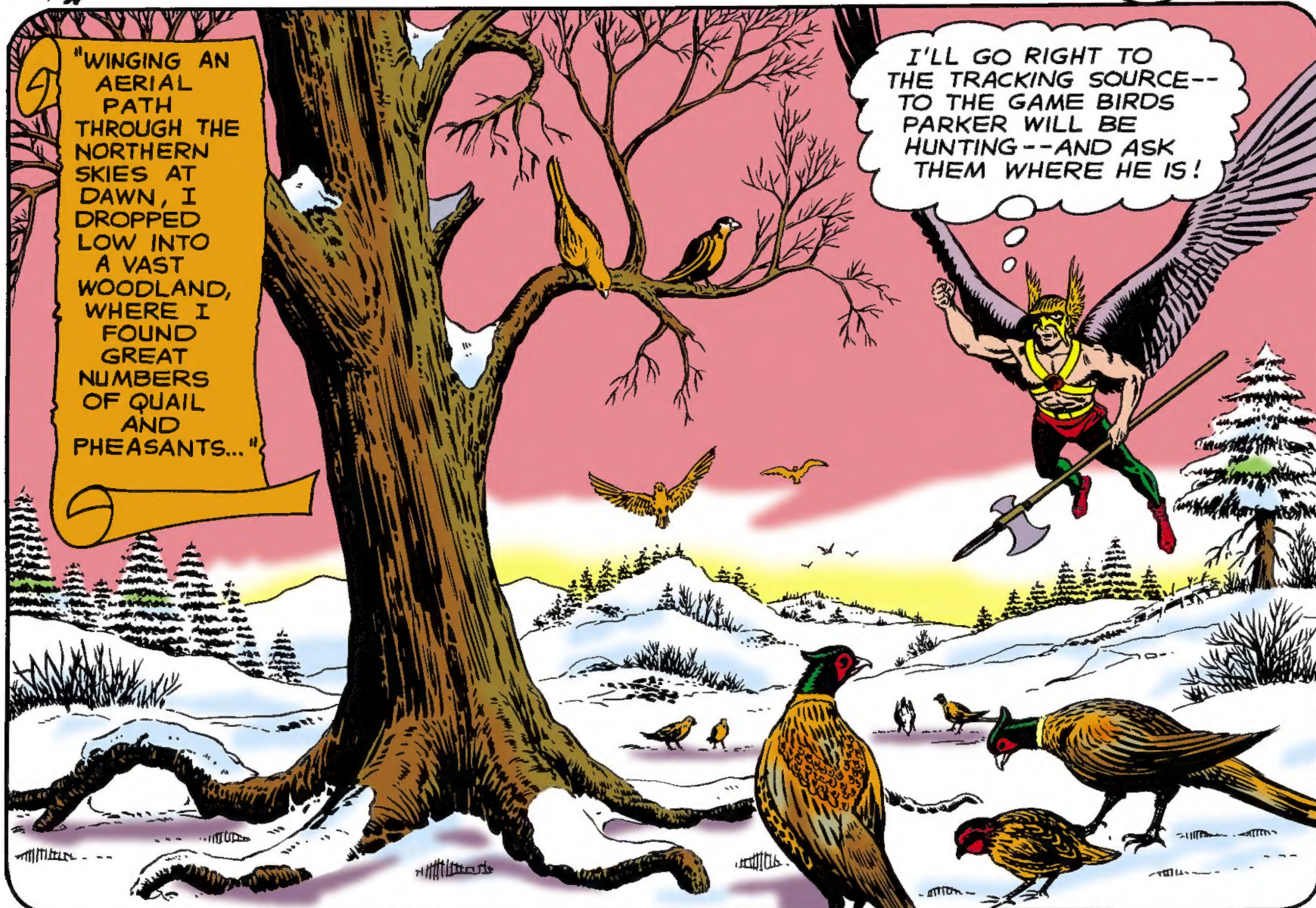






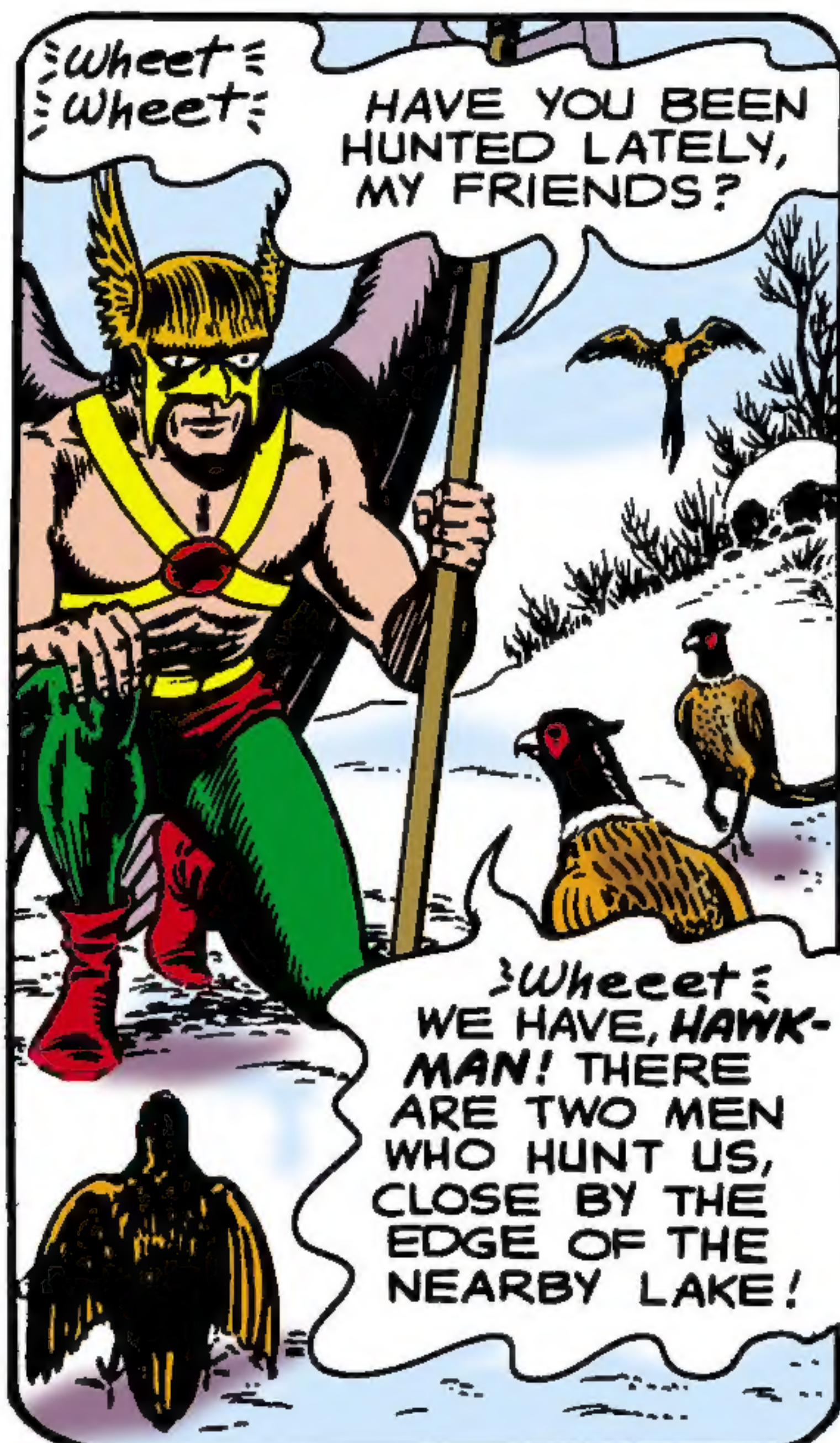
# RIVALRY OF THE WINGED WONDERS

PART 2



"WINGING AN AERIAL PATH THROUGH THE NORTHERN SKIES AT DAWN, I DROPPED LOW INTO A VAST WOODLAND, WHERE I FOUND GREAT NUMBERS OF QUAIL AND PHEASANTS..."

I'LL GO RIGHT TO THE TRACKING SOURCE-- TO THE GAME BIRDS PARKER WILL BE HUNTING--AND ASK THEM WHERE HE IS!



Wheet Wheet

HAVE YOU BEEN HUNTED LATELY, MY FRIENDS?

Wheet WE HAVE, HAWK-MAN! THERE ARE TWO MEN WHO HUNT US, CLOSE BY THE EDGE OF THE NEARBY LAKE!



"UNKNOWN TO ME AT THE TIME, HAL PARKER WAS MOVING THROUGH THE WOODS OF EARLY MORNING ON HIS WAY TO HIS HUNTING BLIND\*..."

THERE'LL BE GOOD HUNTING TODAY, JOE. I FEEL IT IN MY BONES.

\*EDITOR'S NOTE: A "BLIND"--OR "SNEAKBOX"--IS THE TERM GIVEN TO THE STAND WHERE THE HUNTER WAITS FOR BIRDS TO PASS OVERHEAD.

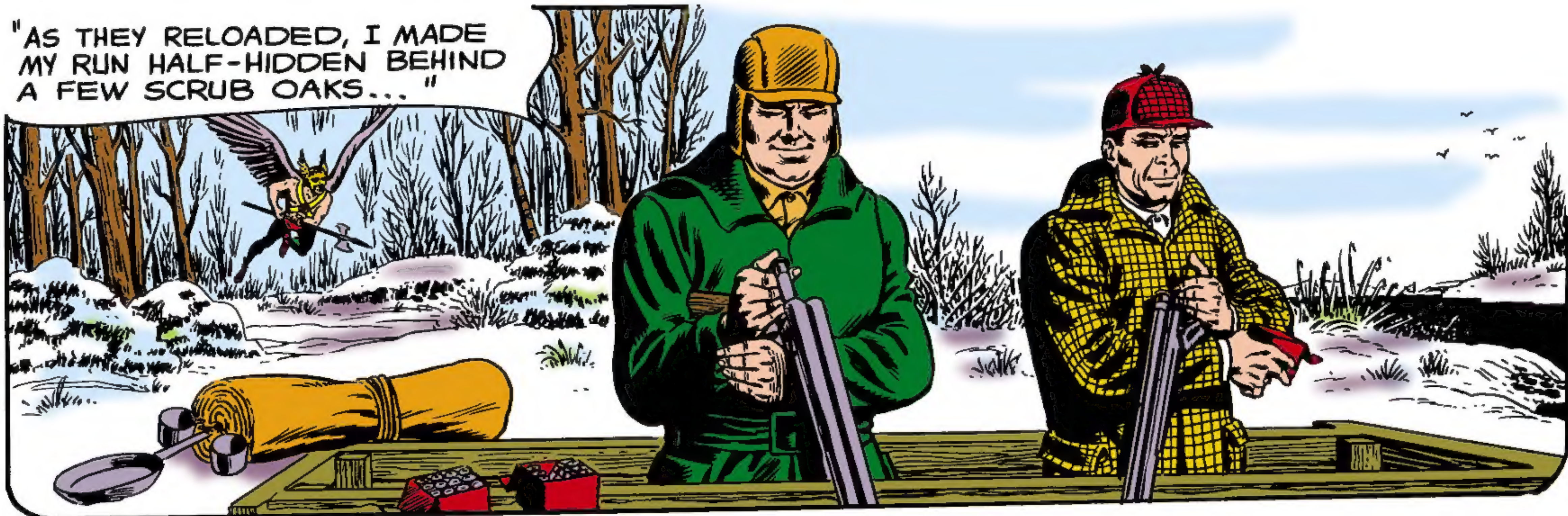


"AS I NEARED THE HUNTERS, I HEARD SHOTS RING OUT..."

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

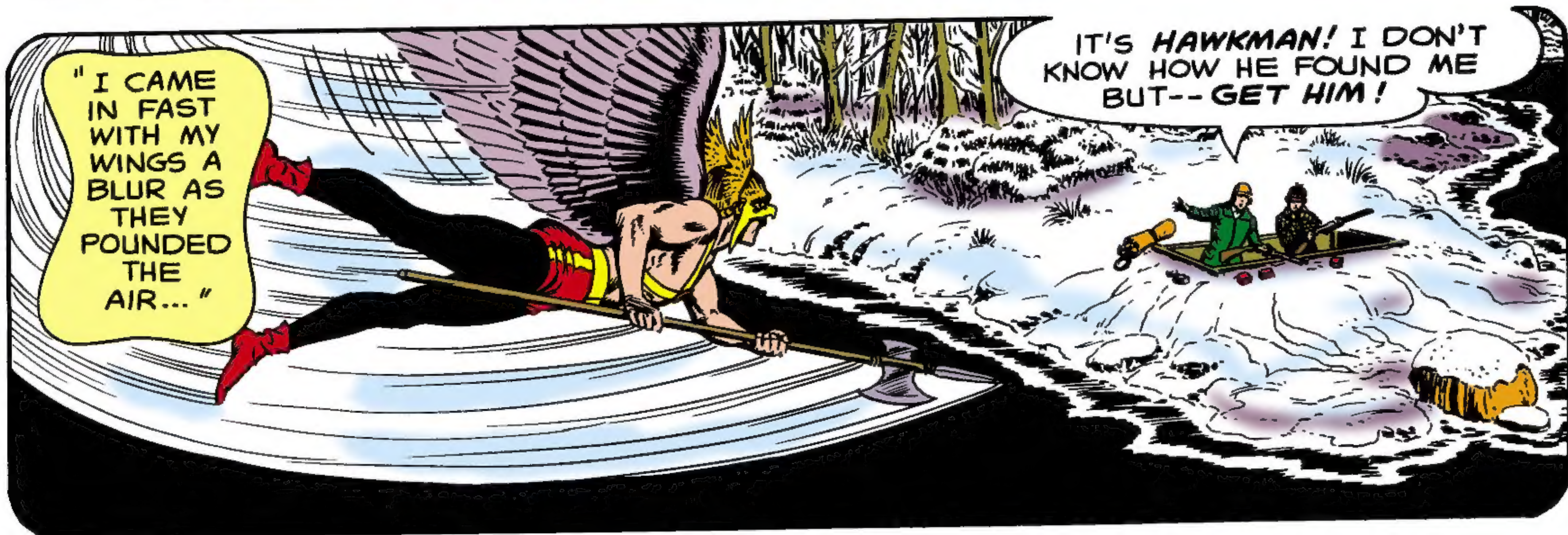


"AS THEY RELOADED, I MADE MY RUN HALF-HIDDEN BEHIND A FEW SCRUB OAKS..."

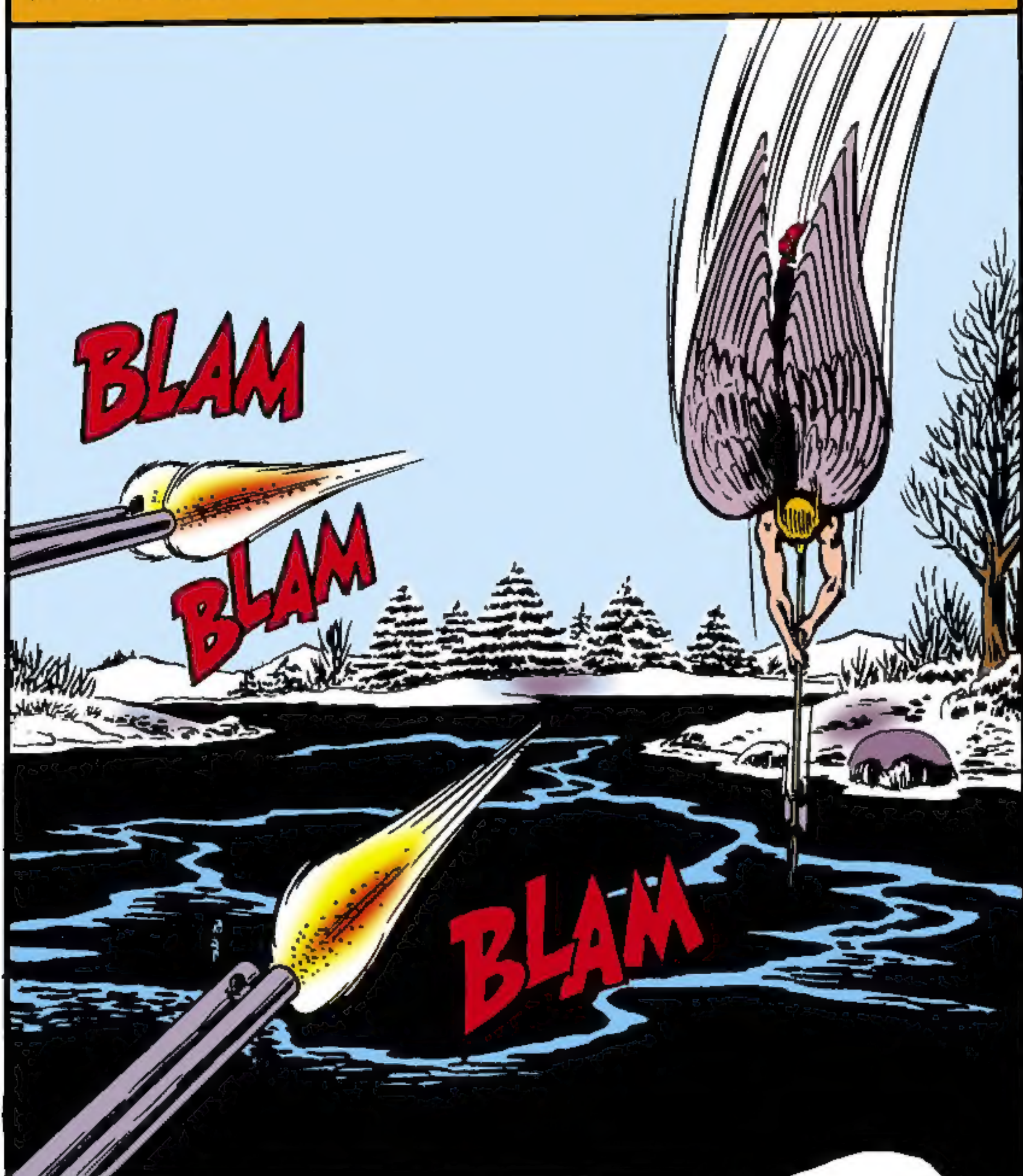


"I CAME IN FAST WITH MY WINGS A BLUR AS THEY POUNDED THE AIR..."

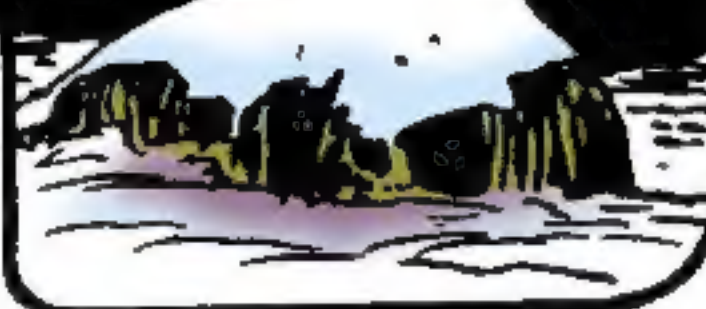
IT'S HAWKMAN! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE FOUND ME BUT--GET HIM!



"AS THE TWO SHOTGUNS LIFTED, I DOVE LIKE A GREBE\* FOR THE SAFETY OF THE WATER..."



\*EDITOR'S NOTE! A GREBE IS A BIRD NOTED FOR ITS EXCEPTIONAL DIVING ABILITY.

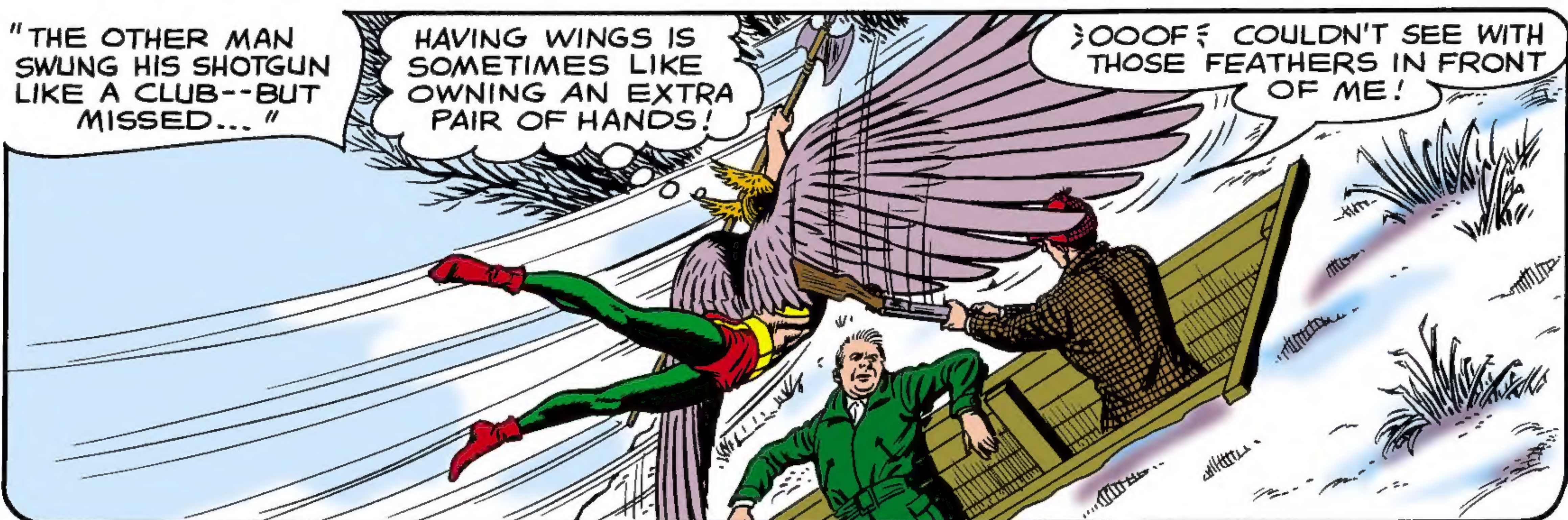
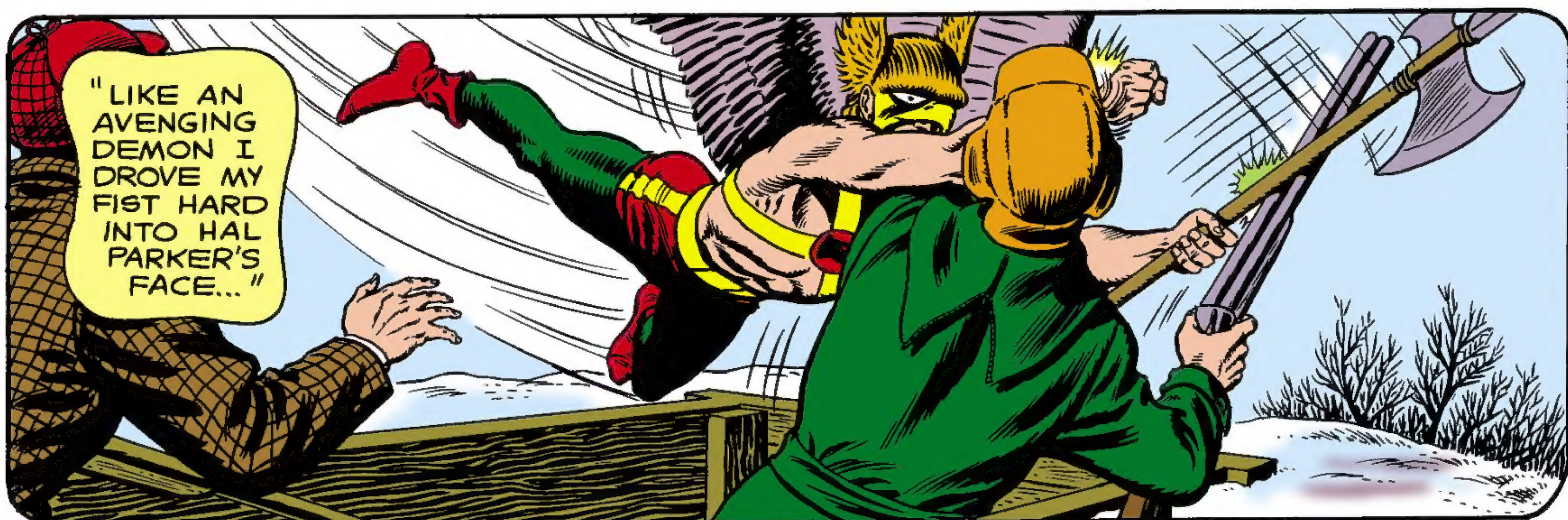
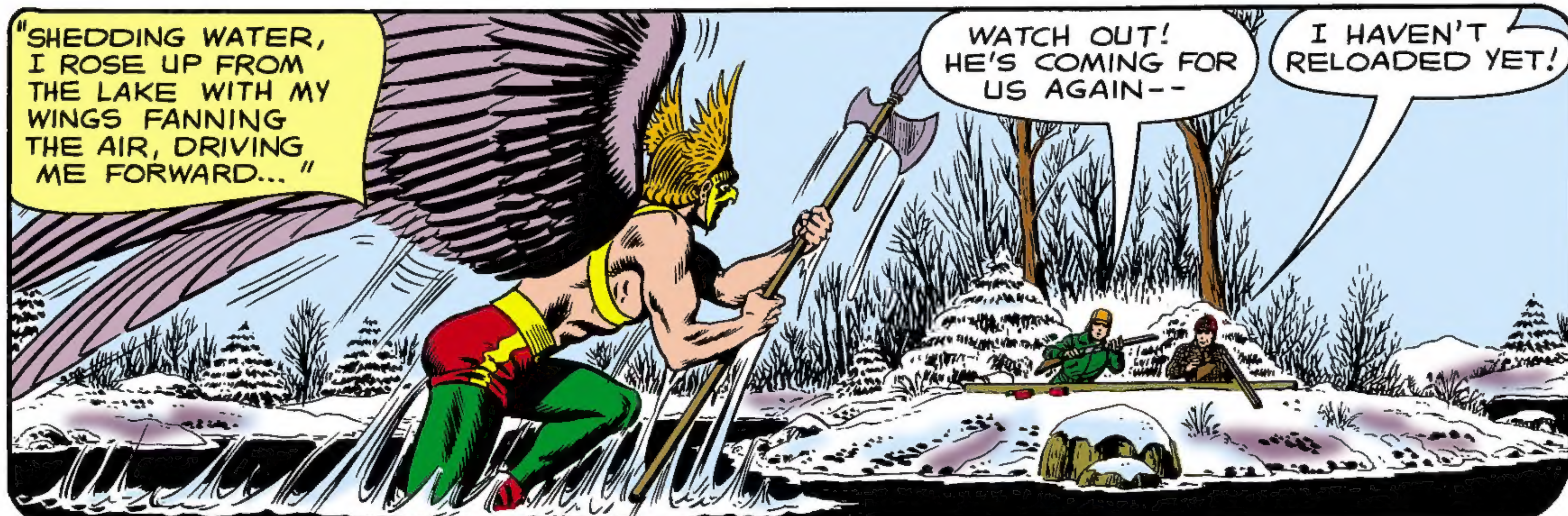


"THOSE SHOTGUN BLASTS WERE RINGING IN MY EARS AS THE WATER CLOSED AROUND ME..."

THE WATER WILL SERVE AS A PERFECT HIDING PLACE FOR ME FROM WHICH TO ATTACK!

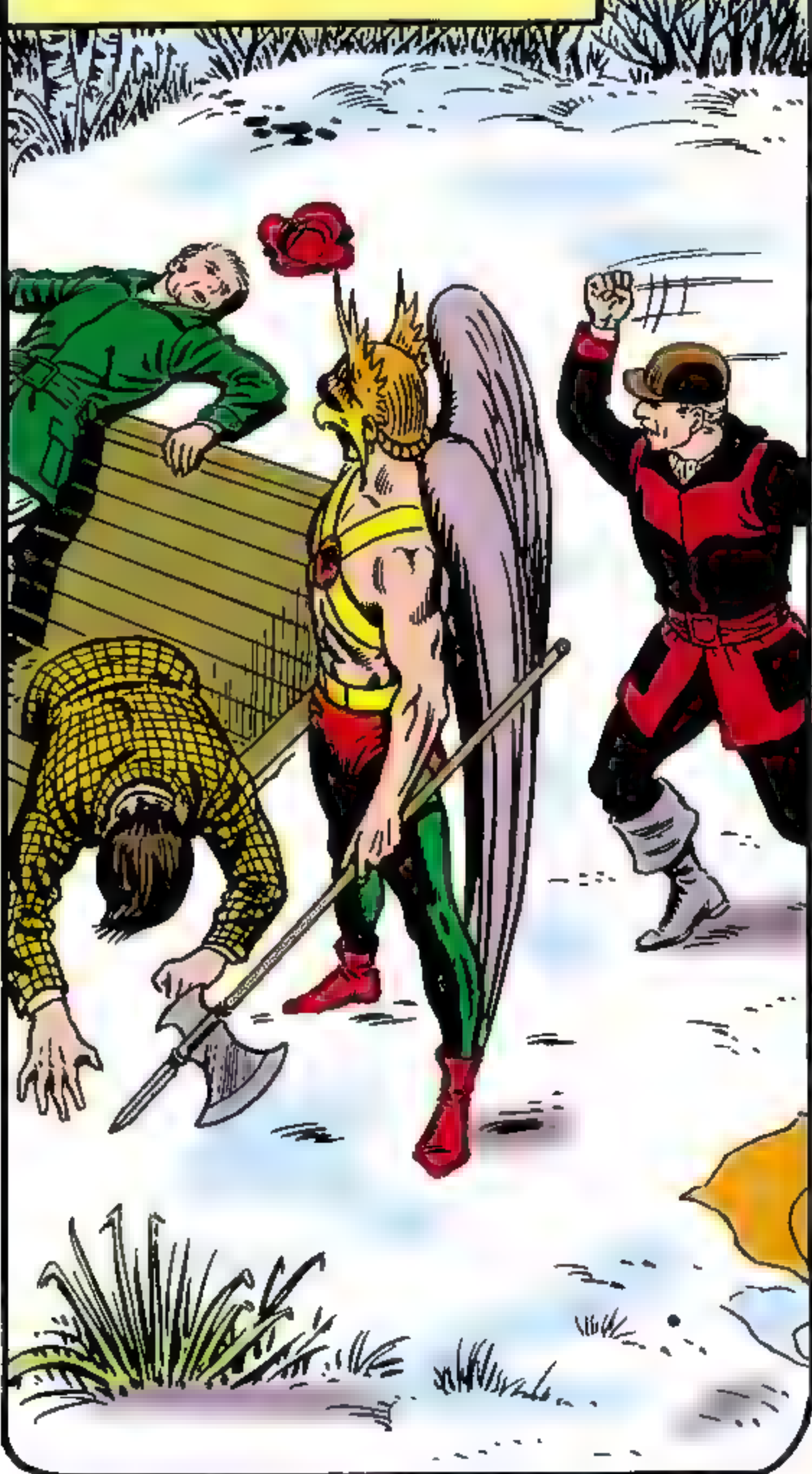




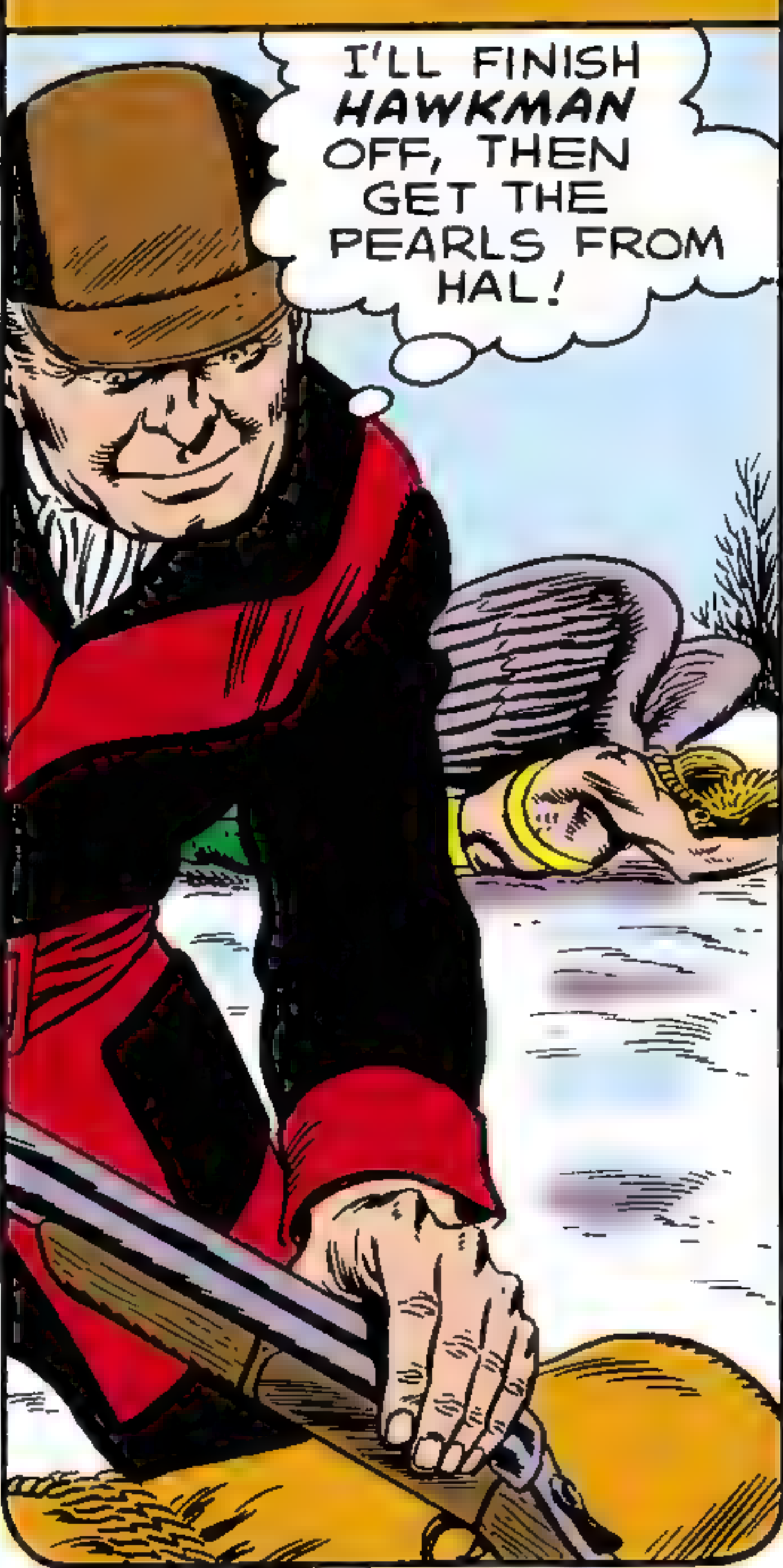




"AND THEN-- OFF GUARD IN THAT MOMENT OF TRIUMPH, I FAILED TO HEAR THE APPROACH OF A THIRD MAN..."



"I DROPPED LIKE A POLED OX, WITH MY EVERY SENSE MOMENTARILY PARALYZED..."

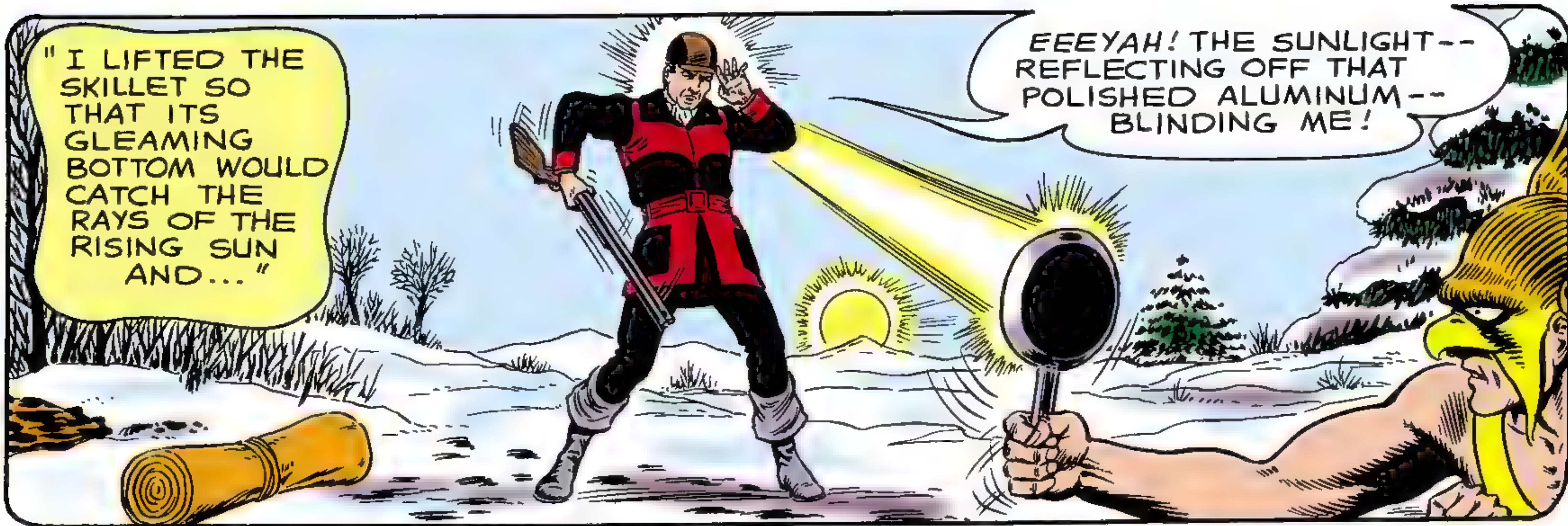


"I WAS HELPLESS TO PREVENT HIS FIRING THE SHOTGUN. ALL I COULD DO FROM MY PRONE POSITION WAS TIGHTEN MY FINGERS ABOUT THE HANDLE OF AN ALUMINUM SKILLET..."

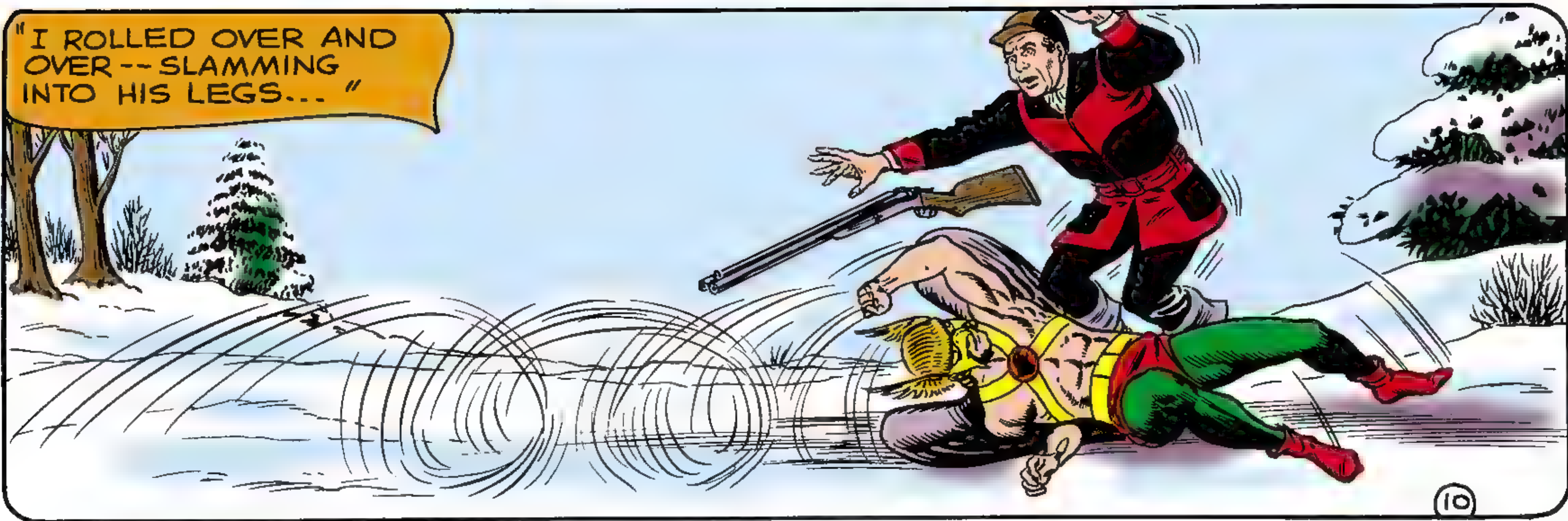


"I LIFTED THE SKILLET SO THAT ITS GLEAMING BOTTOM WOULD CATCH THE RAYS OF THE RISING SUN AND..."

EEEEYAH! THE SUNLIGHT-- REFLECTING OFF THAT POLISHED ALUMINUM-- BLINDING ME!



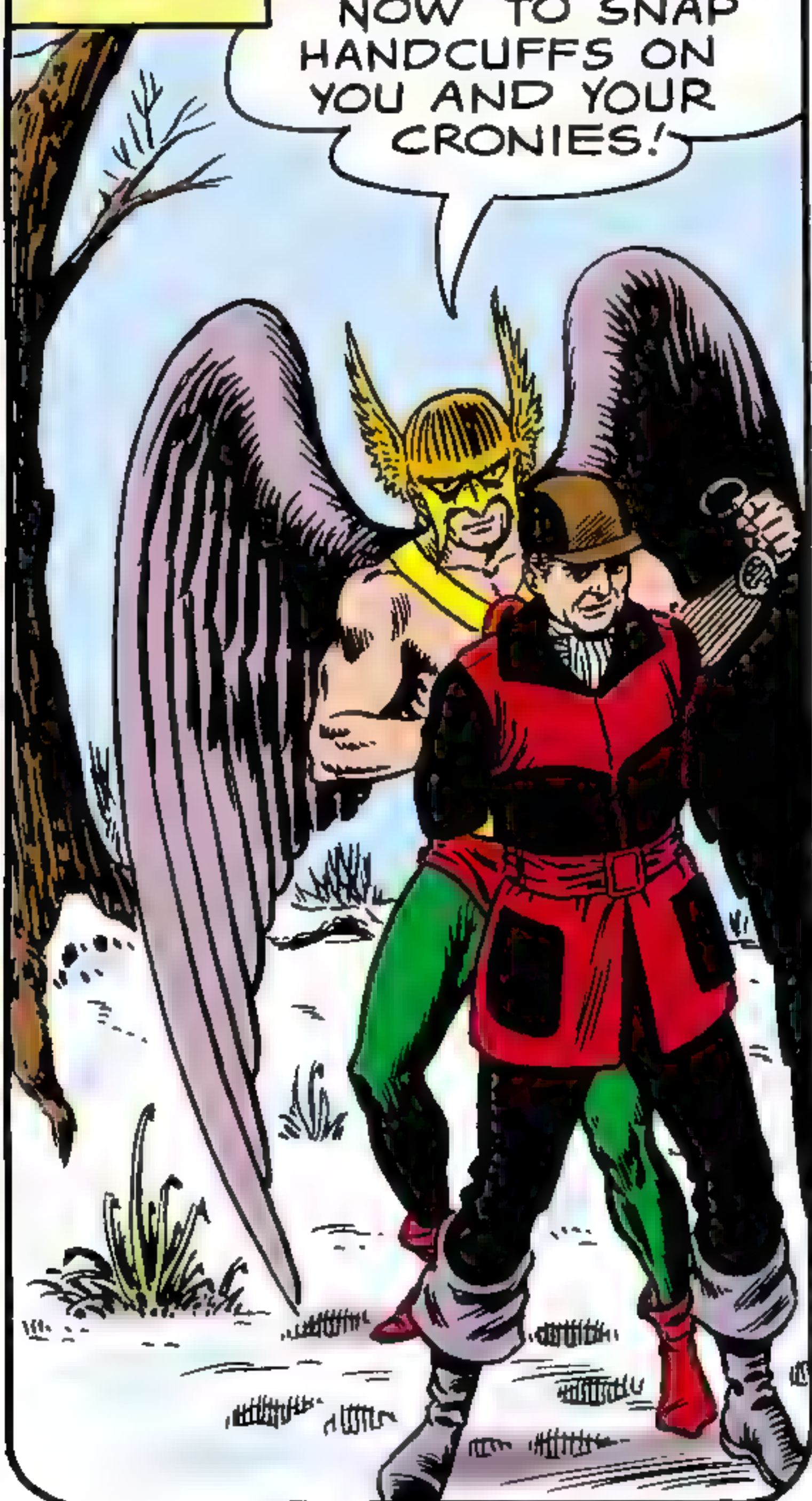
"I ROLLED OVER AND OVER-- SLAMMING INTO HIS LEGS..."





"A MOMENT LATER, I HAD HIM FIRMLY GRIPPED IN A WRESTLING HOLD..."

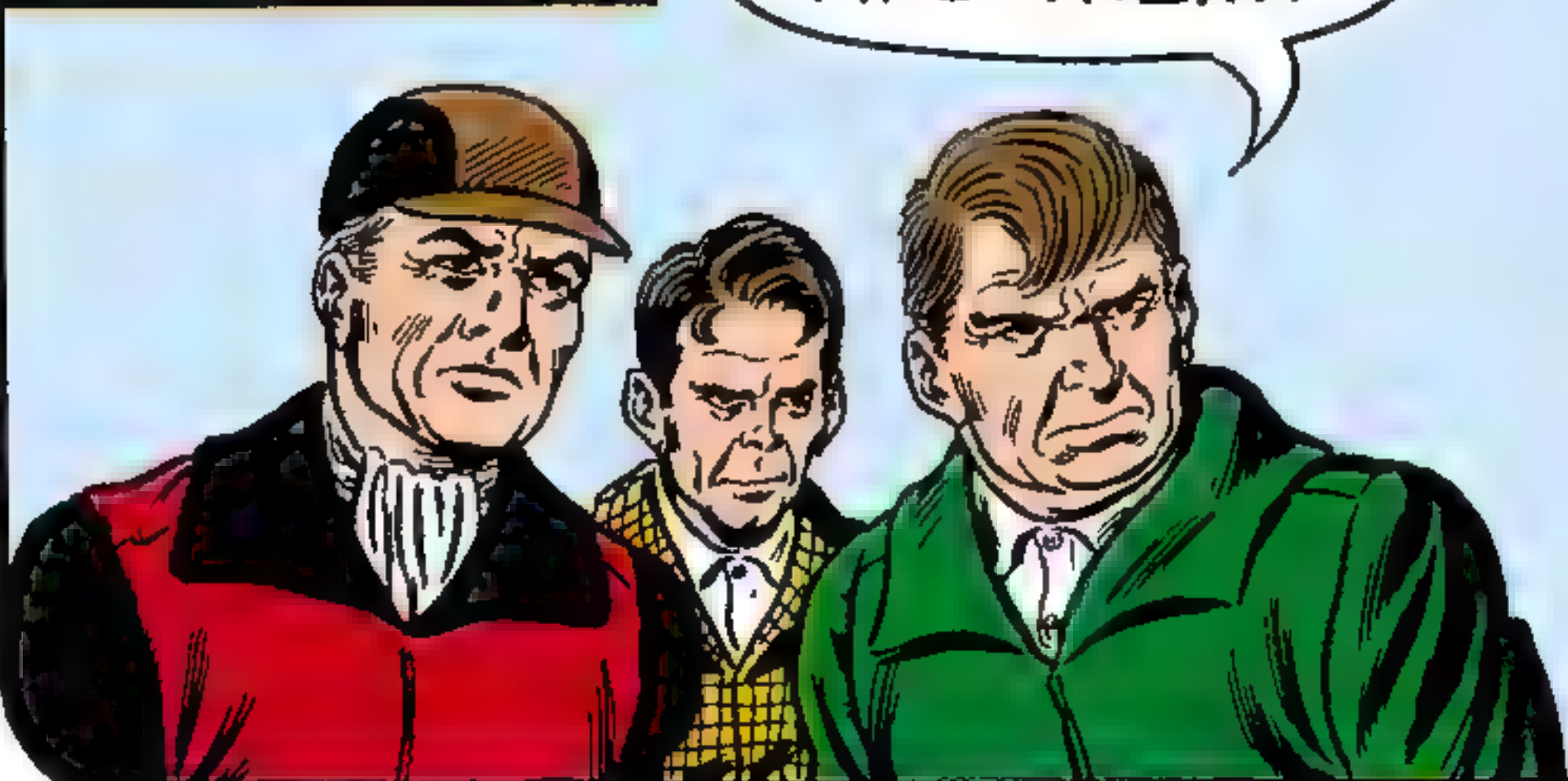
NOW TO SNAP HANDCUFFS ON YOU AND YOUR CRONIES!



"EVEN WITH THE BRACELETS ON, MY PRISONERS WERE STILL ARROGANT..."

YOU CAUGHT US, **HAWKMAN**-- BUT NOT THE **BLACK PEARLS**! YOU'LL NEVER FIND THEM!

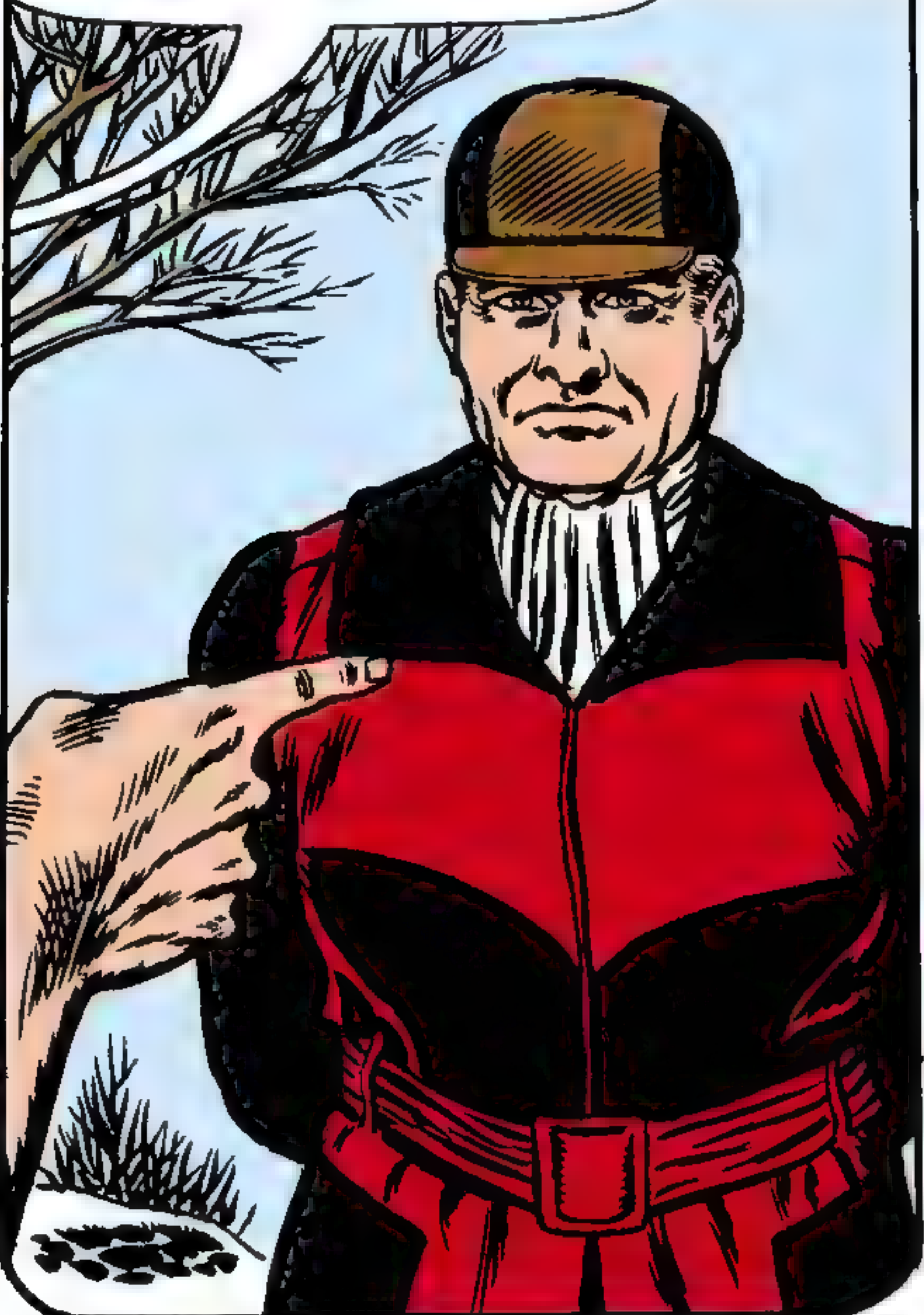
DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT, PARKER!



YOU STILL HAVE THE PEARLS ON YOU OR NEARBY--BECAUSE YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVEN'T DISPOSED OF THEM YET TO WHOEVER WANTS THEM! RARE PEARLS SUCH AS THESE WOULDN'T BE ACCEPTABLE TO AN HONEST BUYER!



SINCE A POLICE OFFICER SHOULD KNOW PEOPLE WHO CONSORT WITH CRIMINALS, I RECOGNIZE YOU AS A COLLECTOR WHO HAS BEEN SUSPECTED IN THE PAST OF HAVING DEALINGS WITH JEWEL THIEVES! SO THAT...



MY GUESS IS YOU HIRED PARKER TO STEAL THE BLACK PEARLS, POSSIBLY THROUGH YOUR "GO-BETWEEN" FRIEND HERE. YOU WERE TO MEET THEM AT THIS HUNTING PLACE--BRINGING THE MONEY FOR THE PEARLS WITH YOU. AFTER YOU GAVE THE MONEY TO PARKER--HE'D TURN OVER THE PEARLS TO YOU!

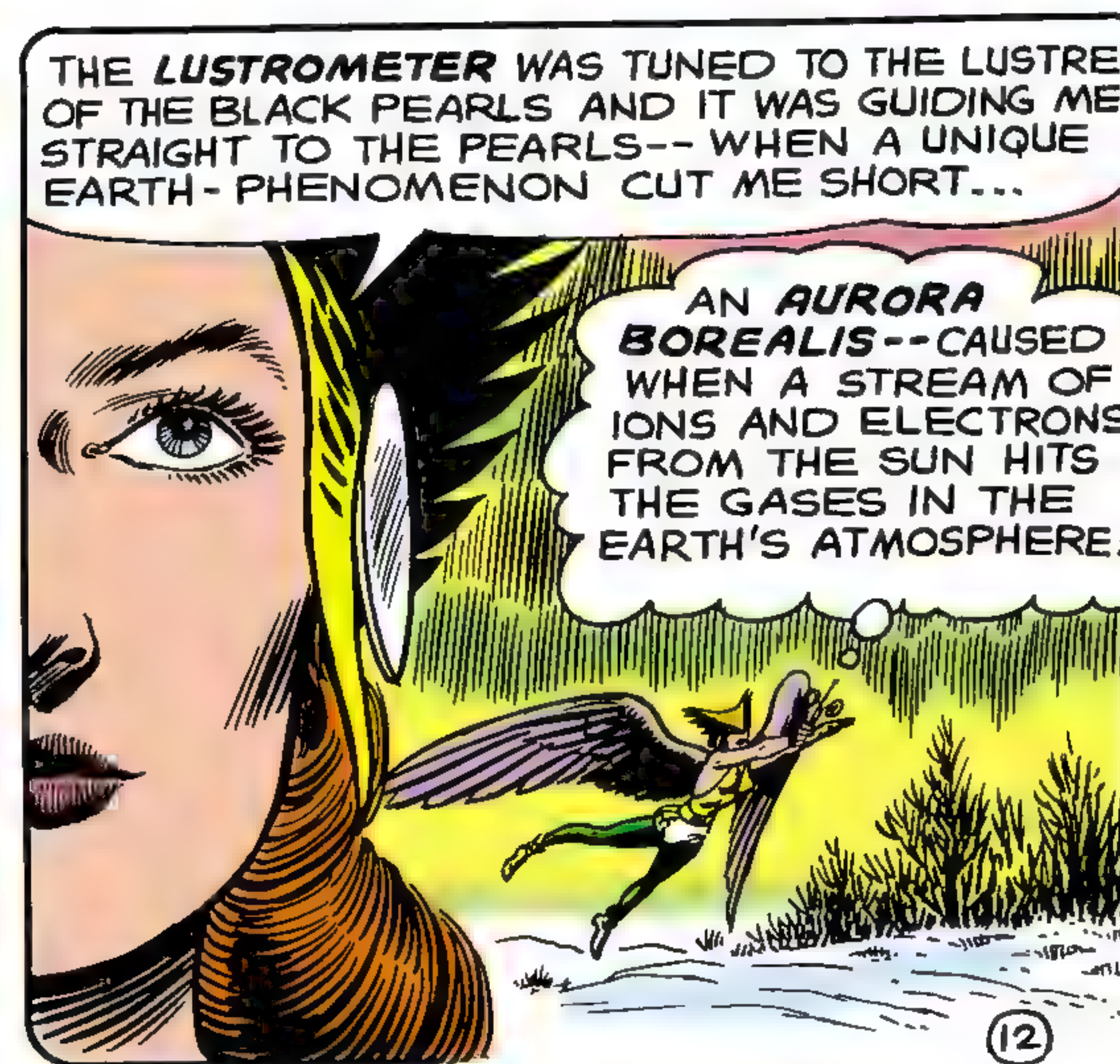
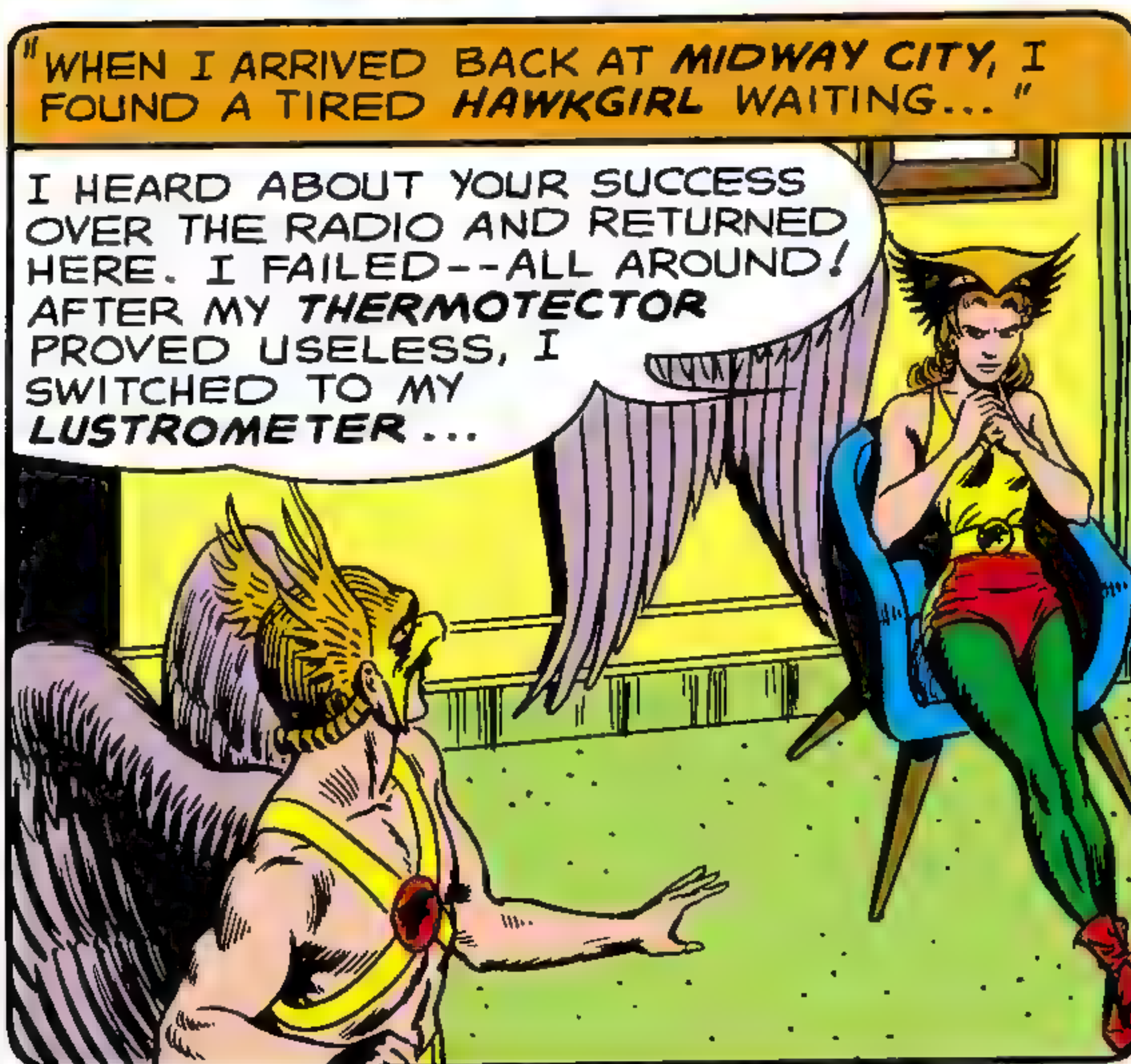
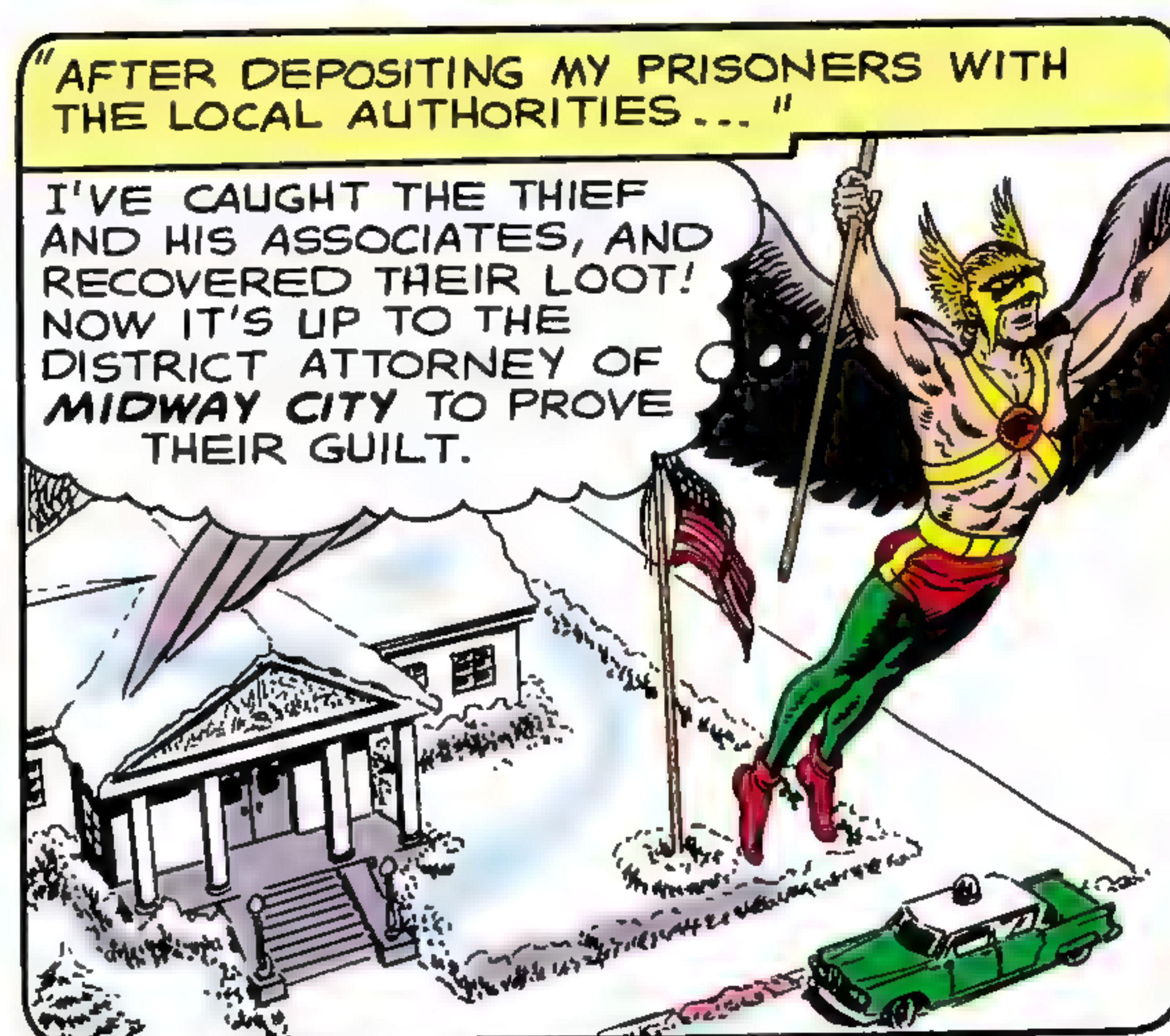
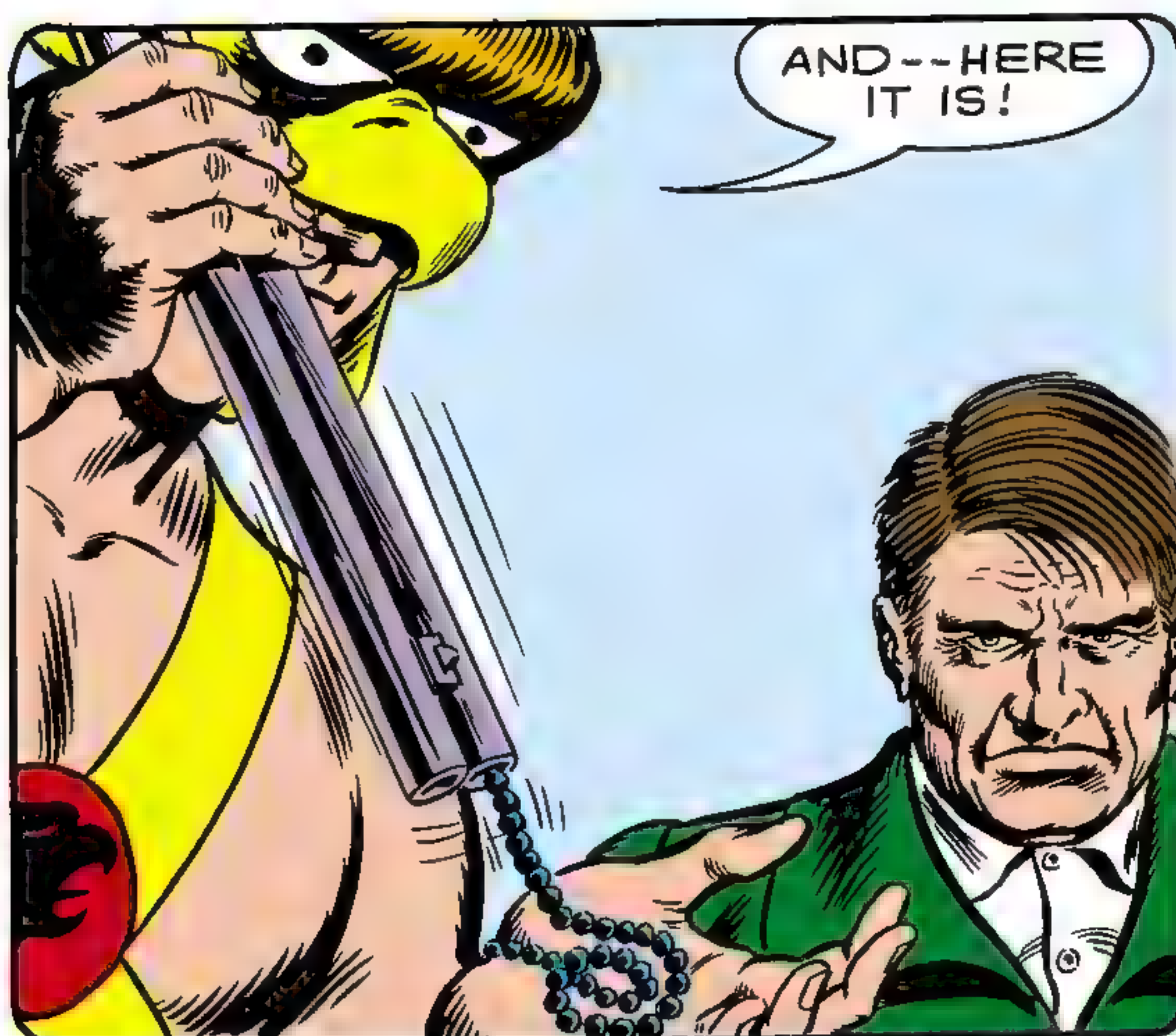
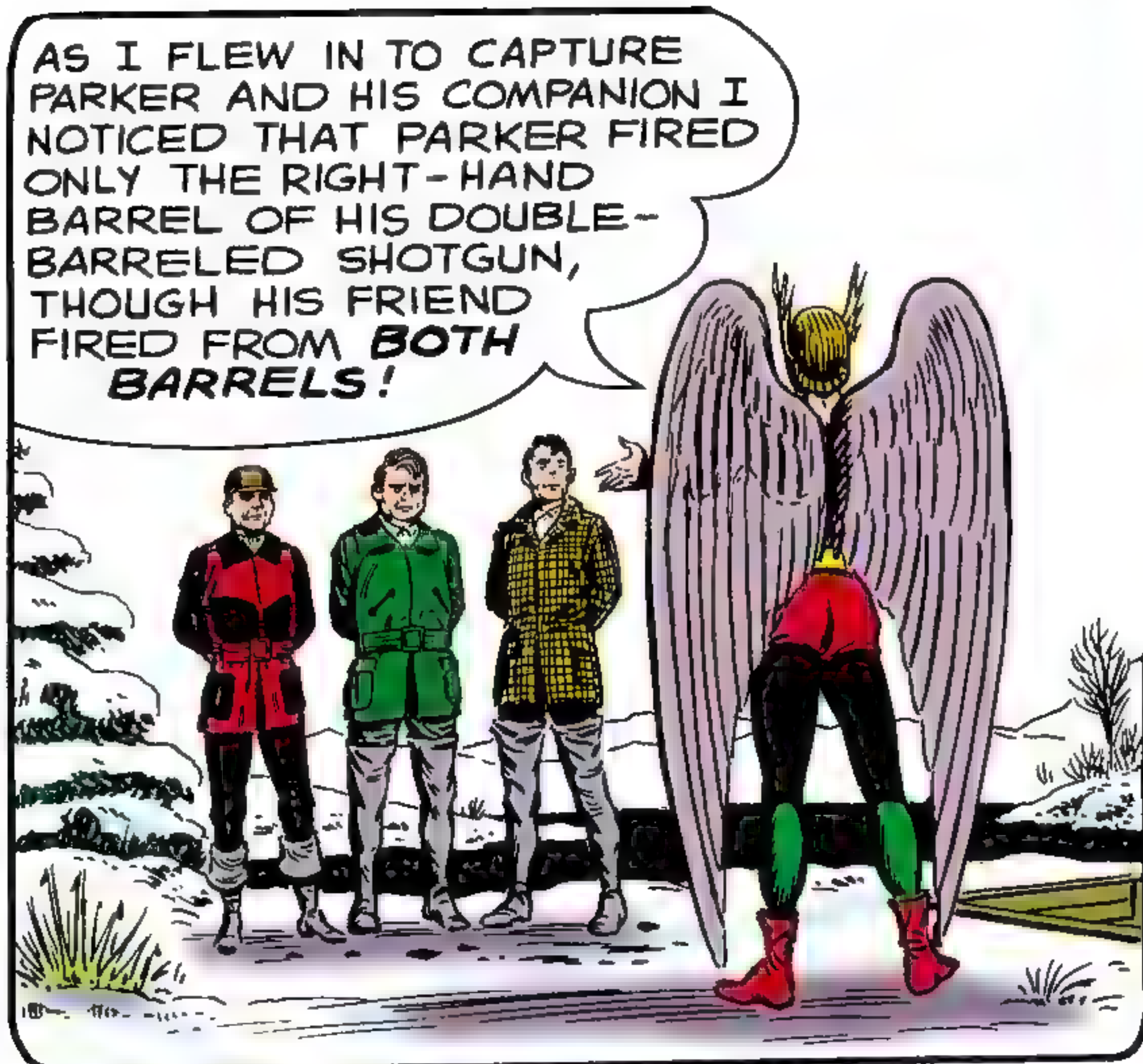


A BRILLIANT PIECE OF DEDUCTION--BUT SO WHAT! IT DOESN'T TELL YOU WHERE THE PEARLS ARE!

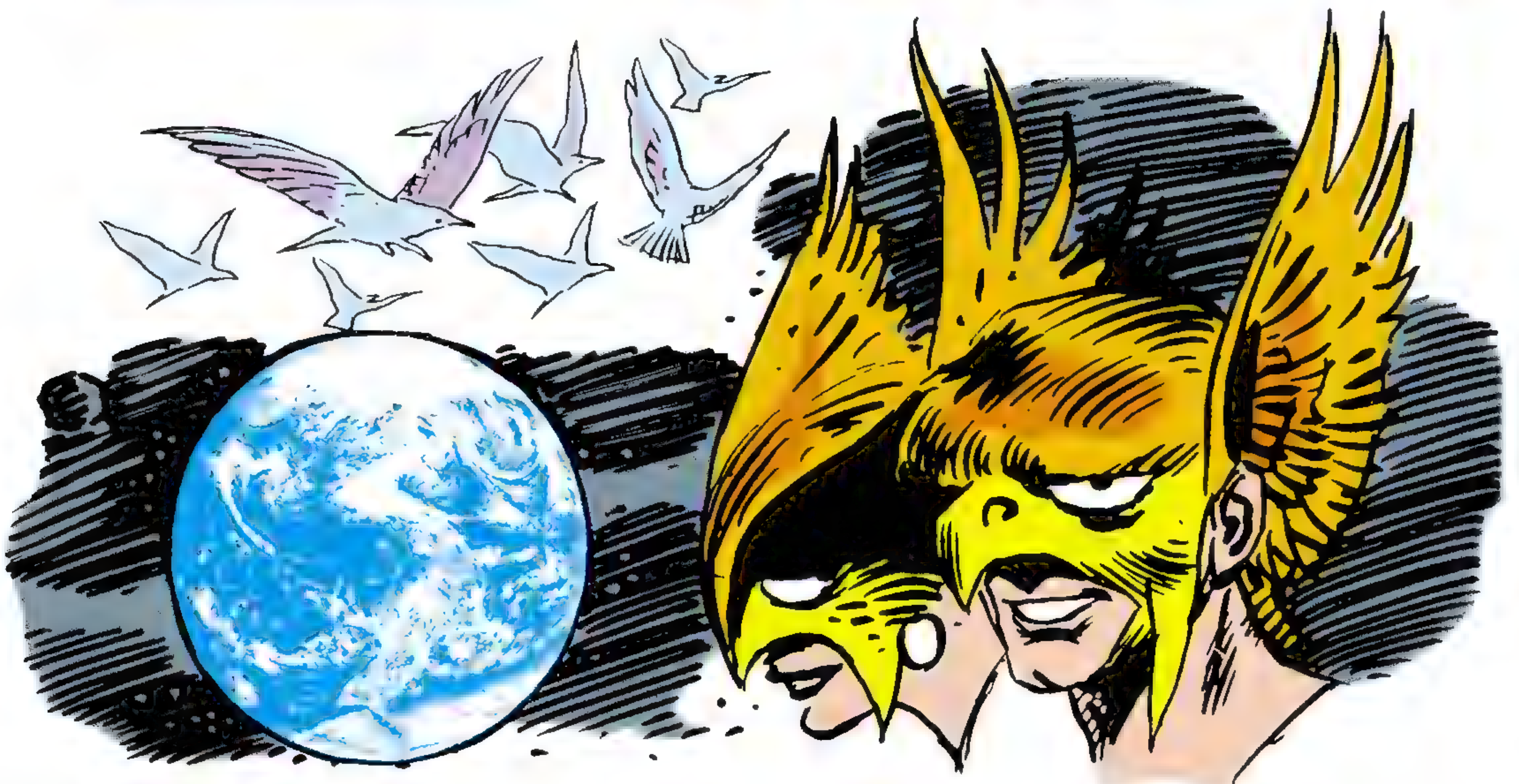
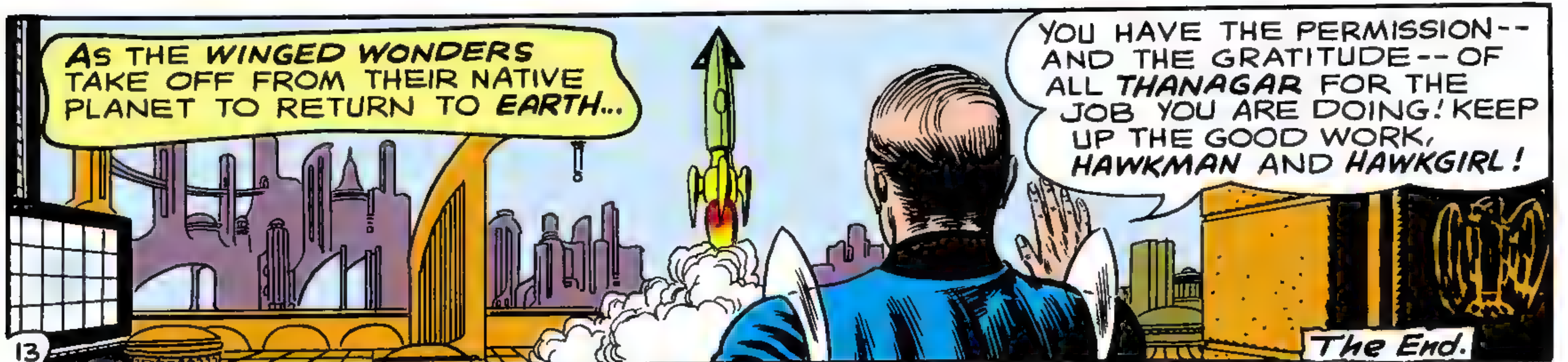
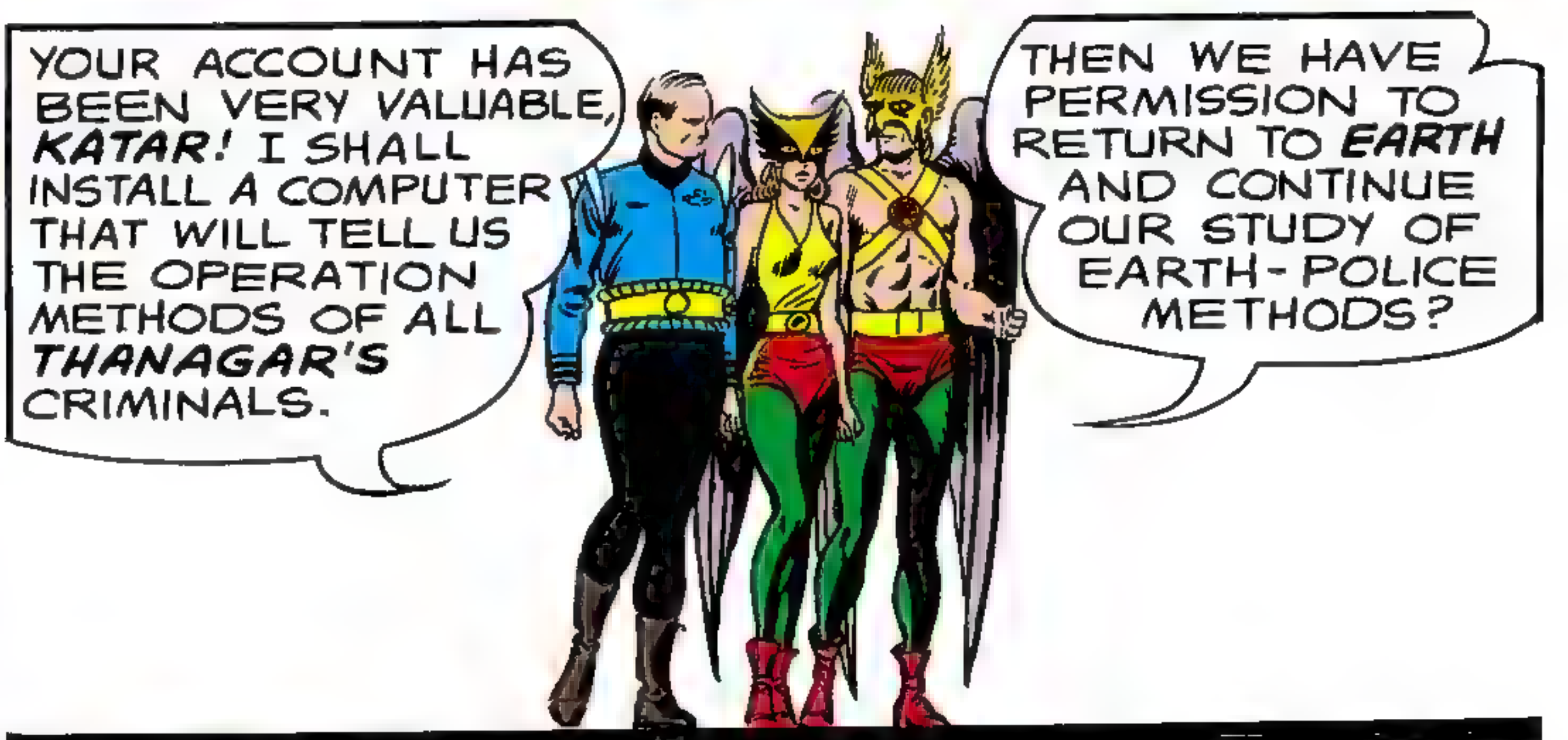
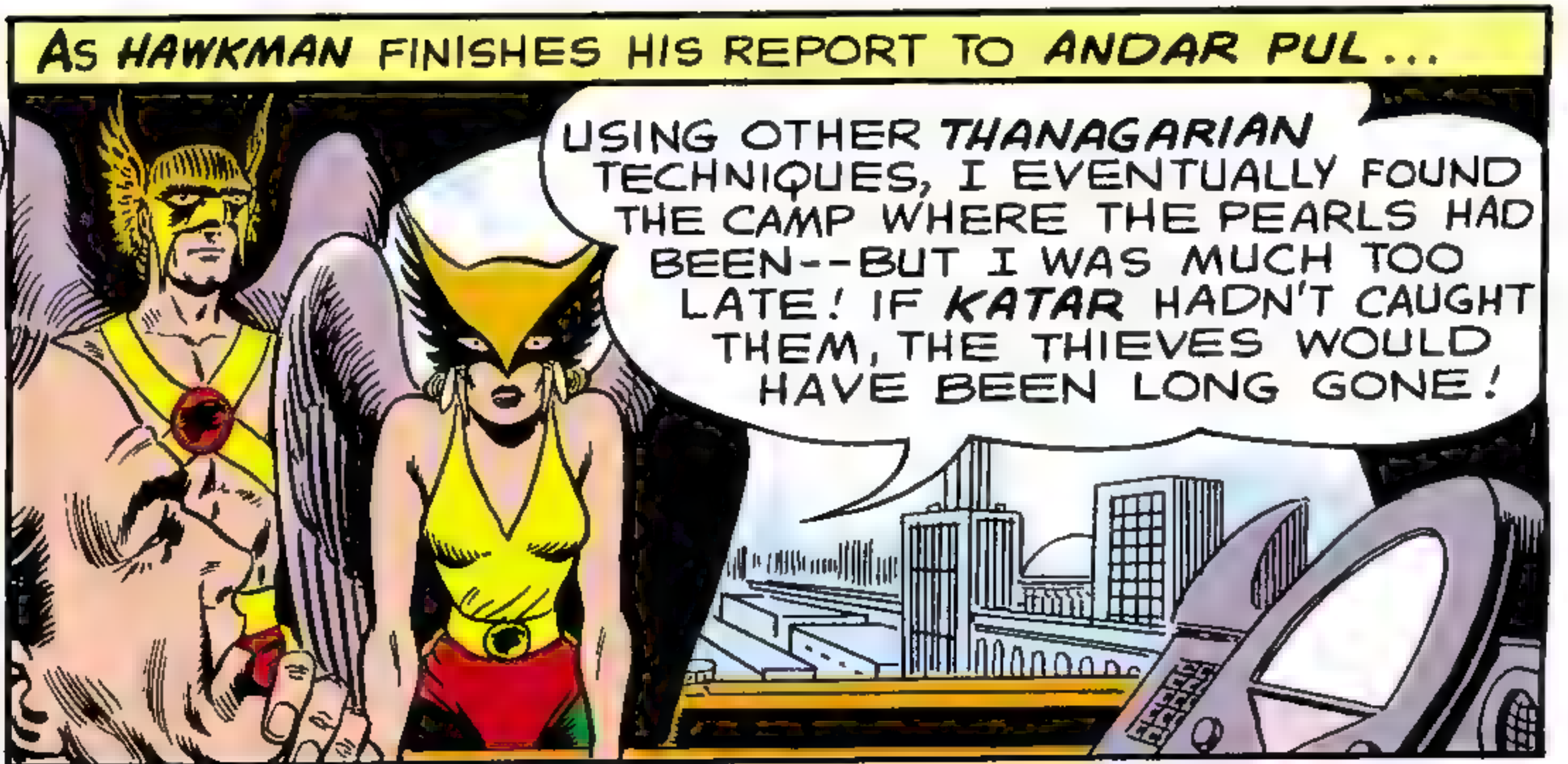
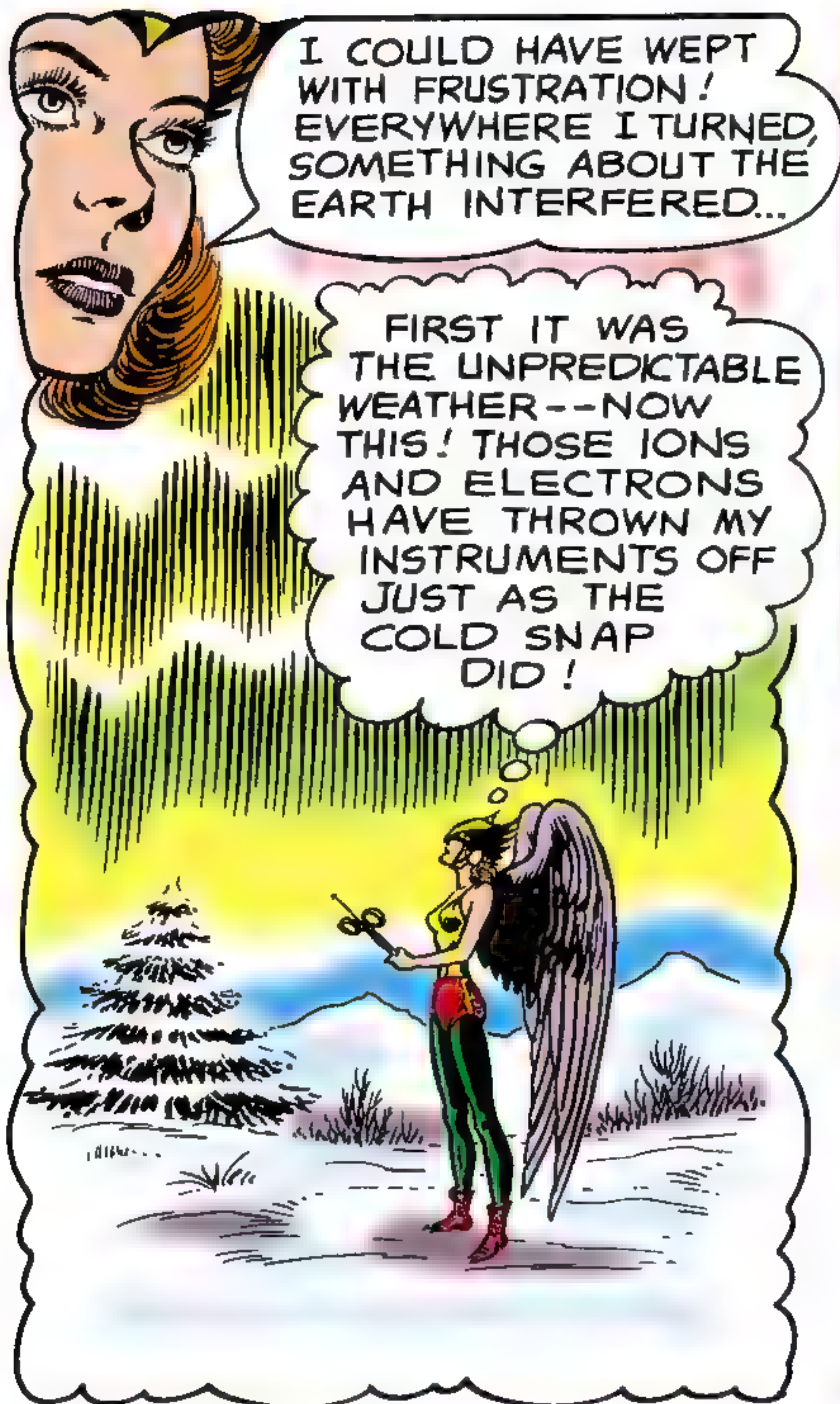
WAIT-- I'M NOT FINISHED WITH MY DEDUCTIONS YET...













# HAWKMAN

WATCH OUT! HE'S USING  
THAT DOWSING ROD TO  
DRAW A COLUMN OF  
WATER FROM THE SKY--

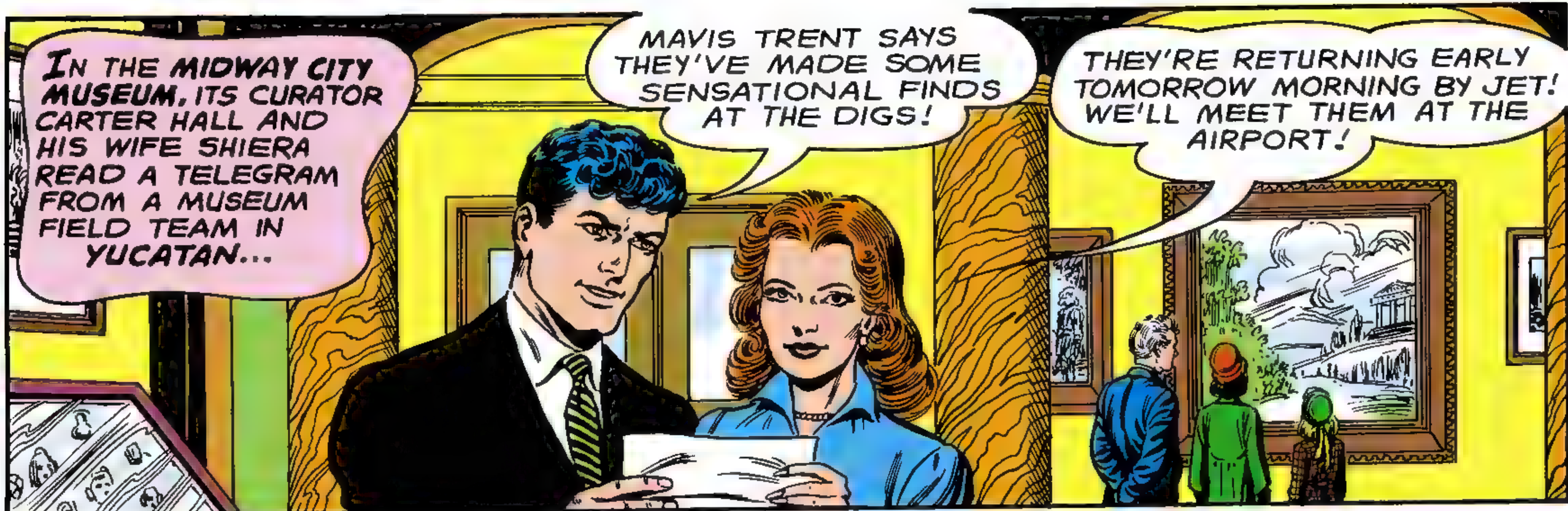
-- WHICH IS  
HURTLING DOWN  
ON US!

**T**HE WINDS AND THE  
RAINS, THE LIGHTNINGS  
AND THE THUNDERS  
OBEYED HIS EVERY  
COMMAND! FOR HE WAS  
**CHAC**, THE SKY LORD OF  
THE ANCIENT MAYA PEOPLE  
IN CENTRAL AMERICA.  
AGELESS, SHORN OF HIS  
MEMORIES, HE ROAMED  
THE JUNGLES OF THE  
LAND WHERE HE HAD  
ONCE RULED.

**T**HEN-- WHEN THE  
TWENTIETH CENTURY  
TOUCHED HIM WITH ITS  
SCIENTIFIC MARVELS, HE  
REMEMBERED THAT HE  
WAS **CHAC** THE MIGHTY  
ONCE AGAIN--

**MASTER  
OF THE  
SKY  
WEAPONS!**

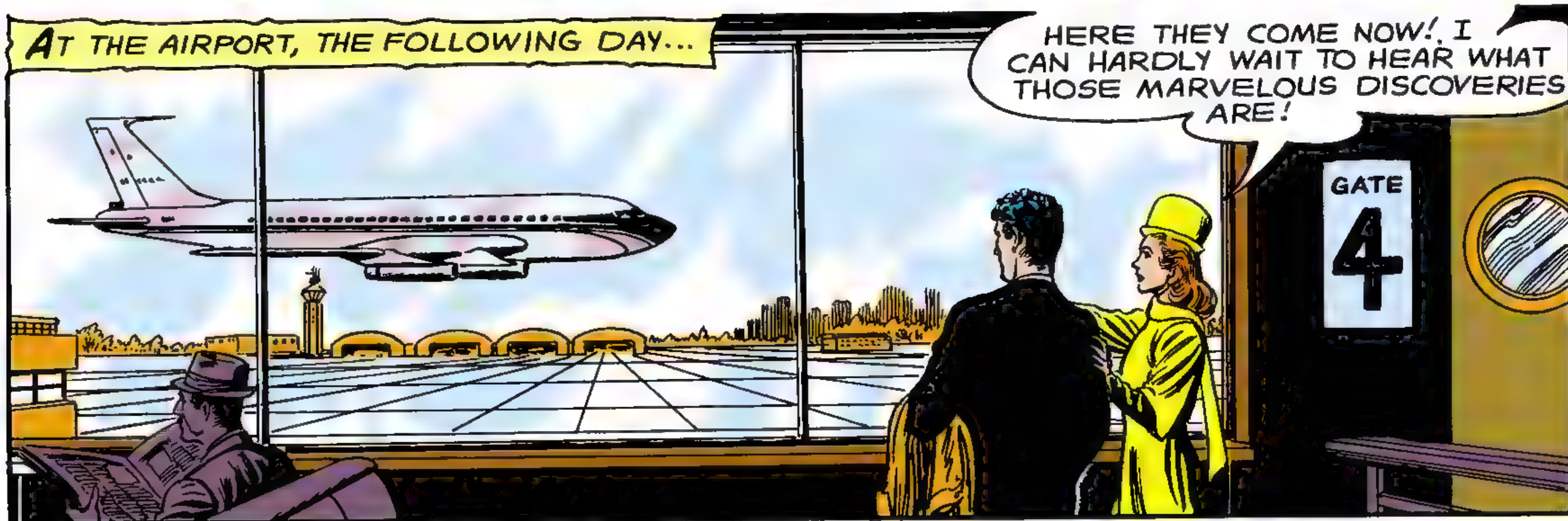




IN THE MIDWAY CITY MUSEUM, ITS CURATOR CARTER HALL AND HIS WIFE SHIERA READ A TELEGRAM FROM A MUSEUM FIELD TEAM IN YUCATAN...

MAVIS TRENT SAYS THEY'VE MADE SOME SENSATIONAL FINDS AT THE DIGS!

THEY'RE RETURNING EARLY TOMORROW MORNING BY JET! WE'LL MEET THEM AT THE AIRPORT!



AT THE AIRPORT, THE FOLLOWING DAY...

HERE THEY COME NOW! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR WHAT THOSE MARVELOUS DISCOVERIES ARE!

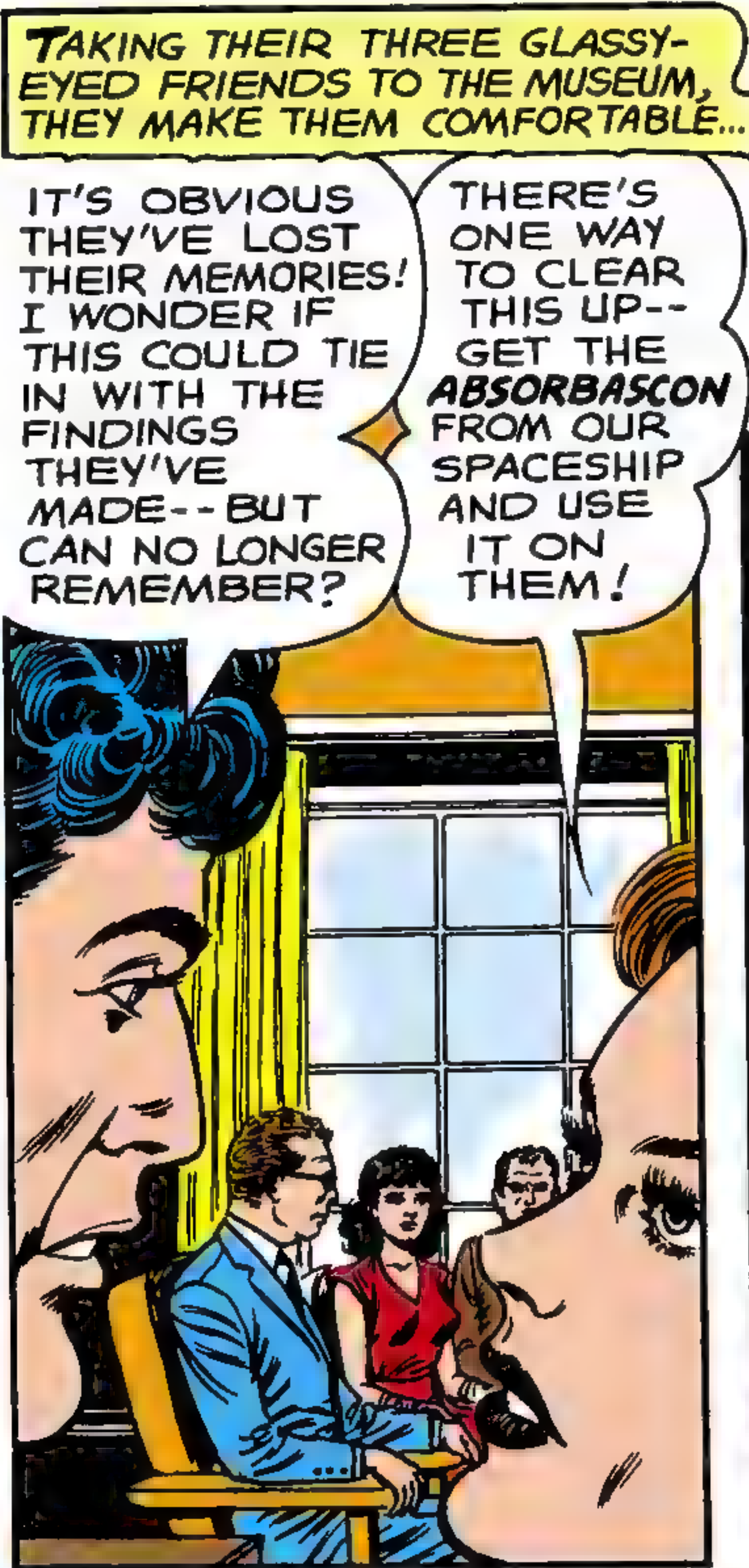


BUT--WHEN THEY ARE FACE TO FACE WITH THE ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAM...

DISCOVERIES? WHAT DISCOVERIES?

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

NOT ONLY DON'T WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO WE ARE! P-PLEASE HELP US...



TAKING THEIR THREE GLASSY-EYED FRIENDS TO THE MUSEUM, THEY MAKE THEM COMFORTABLE...

IT'S OBVIOUS THEY'VE LOST THEIR MEMORIES! I WONDER IF THIS COULD TIE IN WITH THE FINDINGS THEY'VE MADE-- BUT CAN NO LONGER REMEMBER?

THERE'S ONE WAY TO CLEAR THIS UP-- GET THE ABSORBASCON FROM OUR SPACESHIP AND USE IT ON THEM!



CHANGING INTO THEIR REGULAR THANAGARIAN POLICE GARB-- WHICH ON EARTH HAS EARNED THEM THE NAMES OF HAWK-MAN AND HAWKGIRL--THEY FLY UPWARD TO THE RIM OF SPACE, WHERE ANTI-DETECTION DEVICES CONCEAL THE PRESENCE OF THEIR ORBITING SPACESHIP...



EVEN THAT ELECTRONIC MARVEL OF THANAGARIAN SCIENCE, THE ABSORBASCON, FAILS TO STIR THE TRIO'S MEMORIES...

IT'S NO USE. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TRAVEL TO YUCATAN -- TO TRY AND FIND OUT HOW AND WHY THEY FORGOT WHAT THEY KNOW.

WE'LL TAKE MAVIS AND THE OTHERS TO A HOSPITAL IN OUR CIVILIAN IDENTITIES, THEN FLY SOUTH!



SHORTLY, HIGH ABOVE THE JUNGLES OF CENTRAL AMERICA, THE WINGED WONDERS HEAD TOWARD THE SITE OF THE FIELD DIGGINGS, AT TIKAL...

IN THE OLD DAYS, THIS WAS THE COUNTRY OF THE MAYANS.

WE OURSELVES LEARNED FROM THE ABSORBASCON THAT THEY HAD A HIGH CULTURE -- BUT THAT IT FADED OUT UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.



FROM THE PORTALS OF A RUINED TEMPLE, A RUDDY-FACED MAN WATCHES THEIR APPROACH...

MORE VISITORS TO INTERFERE WITH MY WORK HERE! WHEN THE AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGISTS LEFT HERE I CAUSED THEM TO HAVE A DELAYED LOSS OF MEMORY--BUT NOW I HAVE A MORE EFFECTIVE WEAPON WITH WHICH TO GET RID OF THESE TWO!



FROM HIS FEATHERED COSTUME HE LIFTS A CURIOUS FORKED STICK AND HOLDS IT HIGH...

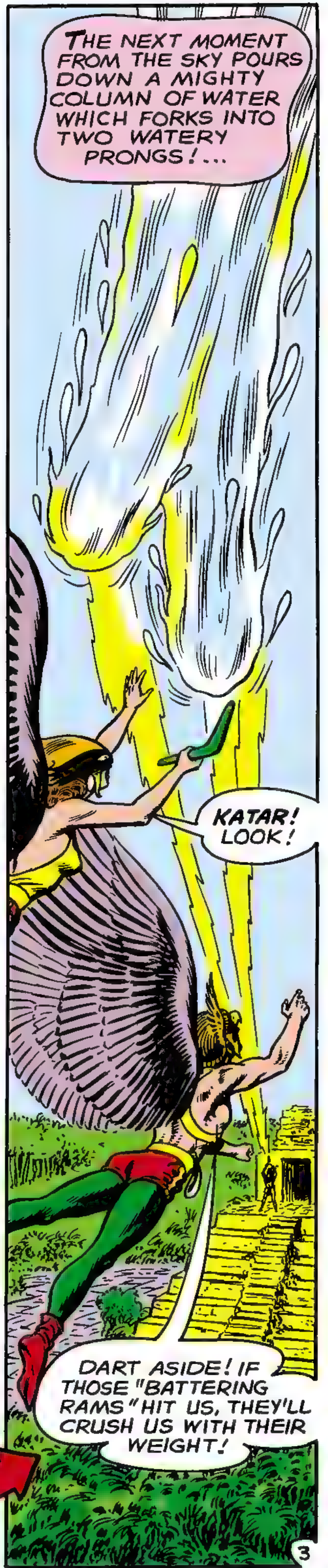
ONCE THEY'RE GONE, I'LL CONTINUE MY SEARCH FOR THE OTHER MIGHTY WEAPONS MY PEOPLE HID AWAY FROM ME SO LONG AGO.



THE NEXT MOMENT FROM THE SKY POURS DOWN A MIGHTY COLUMN OF WATER WHICH FORKS INTO TWO WATERY PRONGS!...

KATAR! LOOK!

DART ASIDE! IF THOSE "BATTERING RAMS" HIT US, THEY'LL CRUSH US WITH THEIR WEIGHT!





CAUGHT BY SURPRISE--  
BUFFETED BY THE  
EDGES OF THAT  
MIGHTY COLUMN EVEN  
AS THEY DART AWAY--  
THE **WINGED WONDERS**  
ARE HURLED AGAINST  
THE STONES OF AN  
ANCIENT TEMPLE...

OH!!

ONLY OUR  
FIERCELY  
BEATING  
WINGS  
SAVED US  
FROM A  
CRUSHING  
BLOW!

HALF-DAZED--YET  
STILL GRIPPING THE  
WEAPONS OF THE  
PAST WITH WHICH  
THEY FIGHT THE  
EVILS OF THE  
PRESENT--THE DARING  
DUO DIVES THROUGH  
THE WATERS TOWARD  
THE WEAPON-  
WIELDER...

THEY'RE  
STILL ALIVE!?  
THEY WON'T  
BE SO LUCKY  
WHEN I GET  
MY SECOND  
WEAPON AND  
TRAIN IT  
AGAINST  
THEM!

FROM **HAWKMAN'S**  
HAND A BLURRING  
SLINGSHOT SENDS  
ITS TINY MESSENGER  
OF STONE AND...

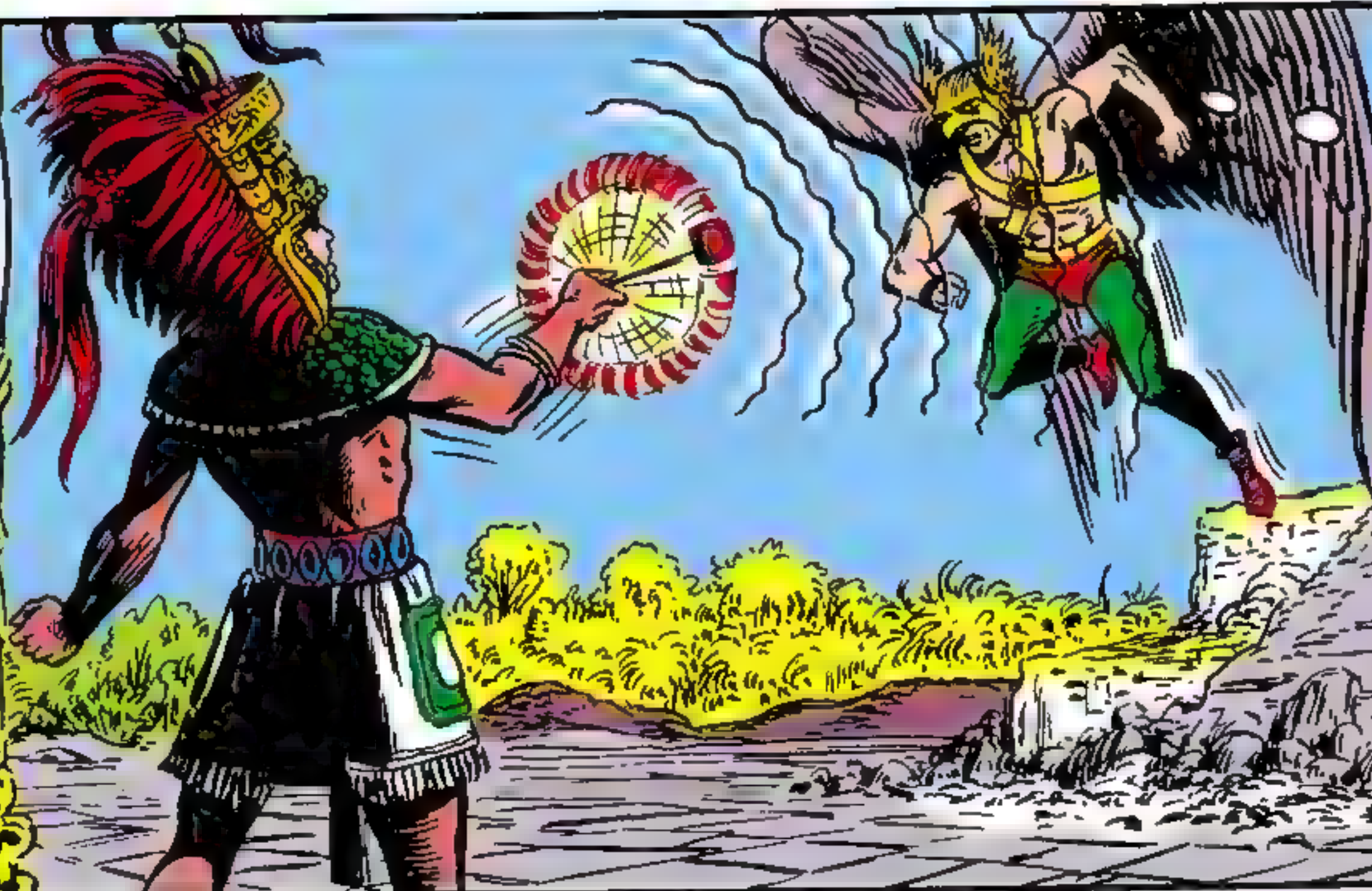
MY WATER-WEAPON--  
DESTROYED! NO MATTER  
-- MY **THUNDER-BOX**  
WILL DO THE SAME  
TO THE WINGED  
MAN!

WITH A DESPERATE LUNGE, THE MAYAN  
SNATCHES UP A LENGTH OF TWISTED METAL  
ATTACHED TO A STRANGE BOX...

MUST HURRY WITH  
MY SWINGS BEFORE  
HE GETS TOO CLOSE  
TO ME!

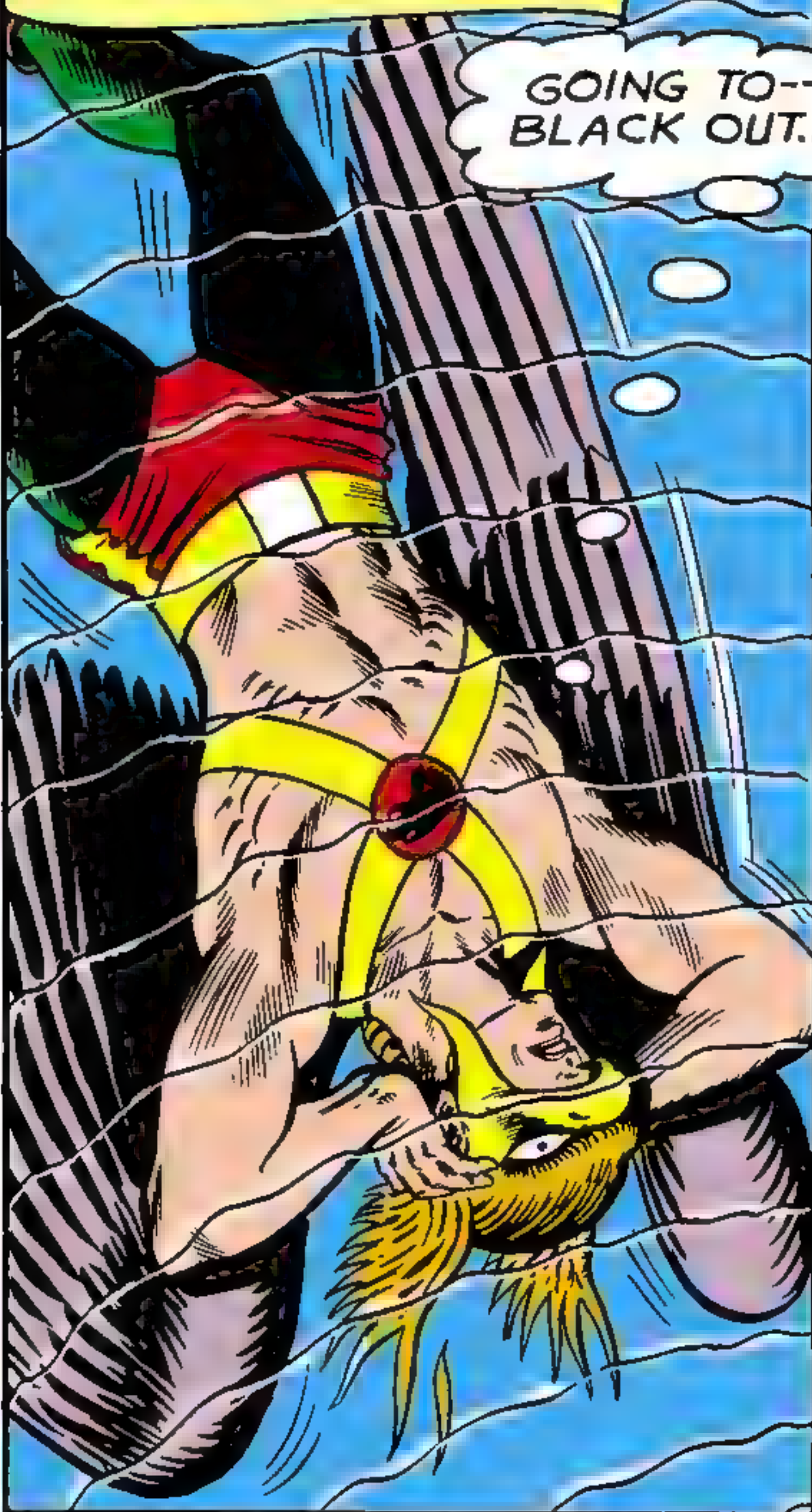


AROUND AND AROUND CHAC SWINGS THE DECORATED BOX AT THE END OF ITS METAL-STRAND ROPE--AND FROM IT RISES A TORRENT OF AWESOME SOUND...



I'VE BEEN STOPPED SHORT! THE SOUND FROM THAT THING IS LIKE AN INVISIBLE WALL BETWEEN US!

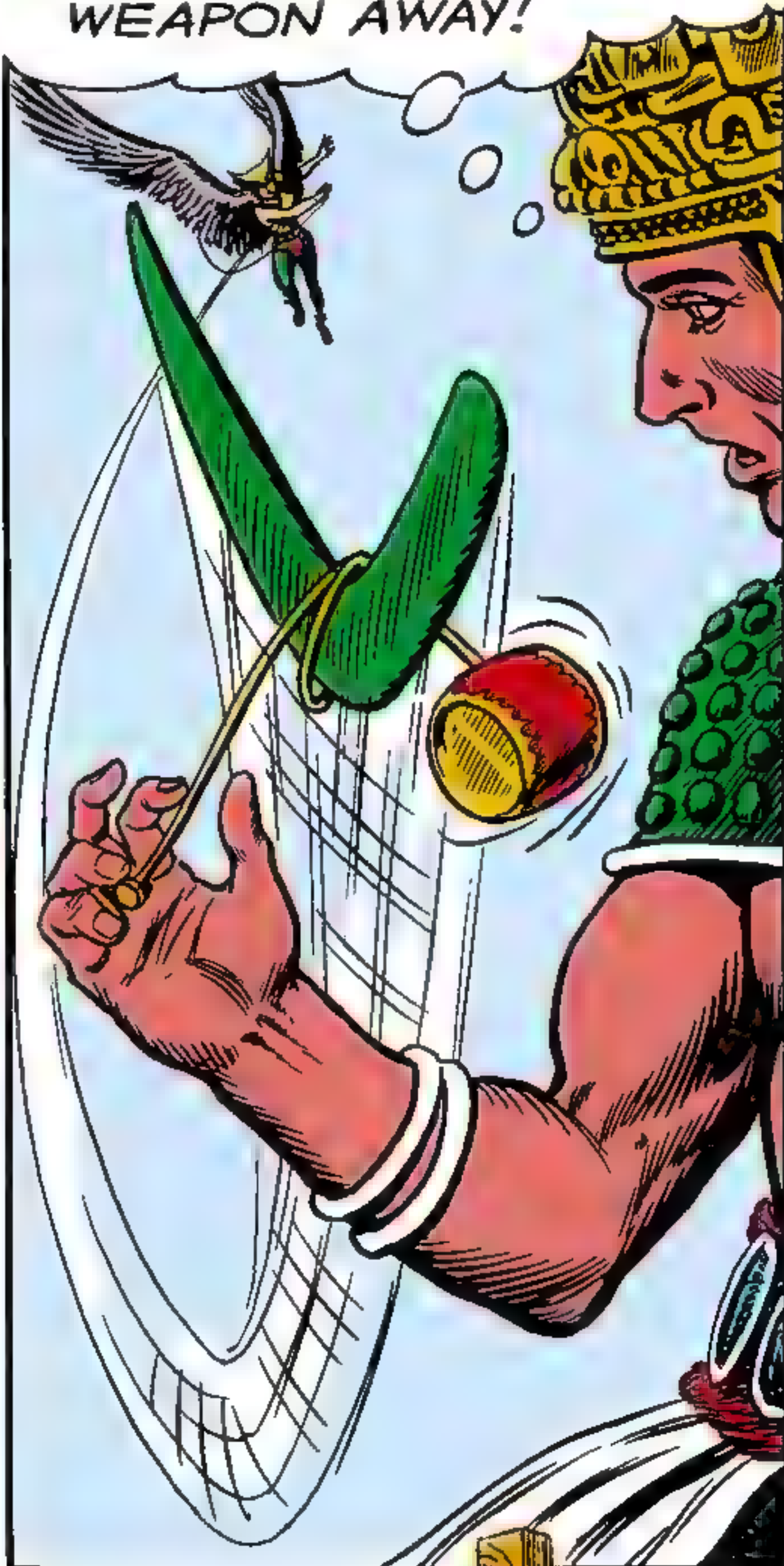
AS FOLLOW-UP SHOCK WAVES STRIKE HAWKMAN, HIS BODY SHUDDERS IN THE GRIP OF UNSEEN FORCES...



GOING TO--BLACK OUT...

FROM ABOVE, HAWKGIRL PITCHES A BOOMERANG...

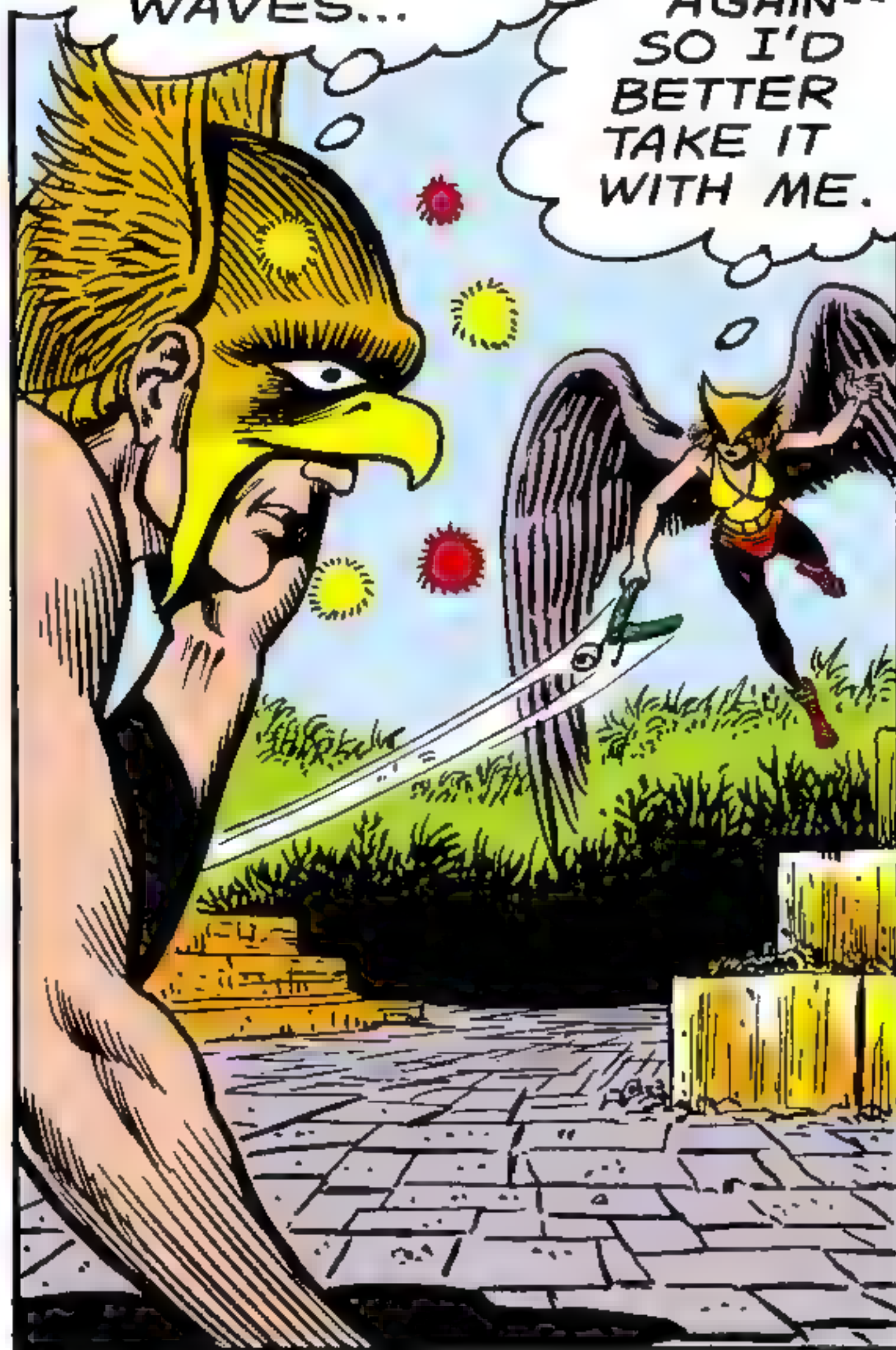
THAT CURVED MISSILE--YANKING MY SOUND-BOX WEAPON AWAY!



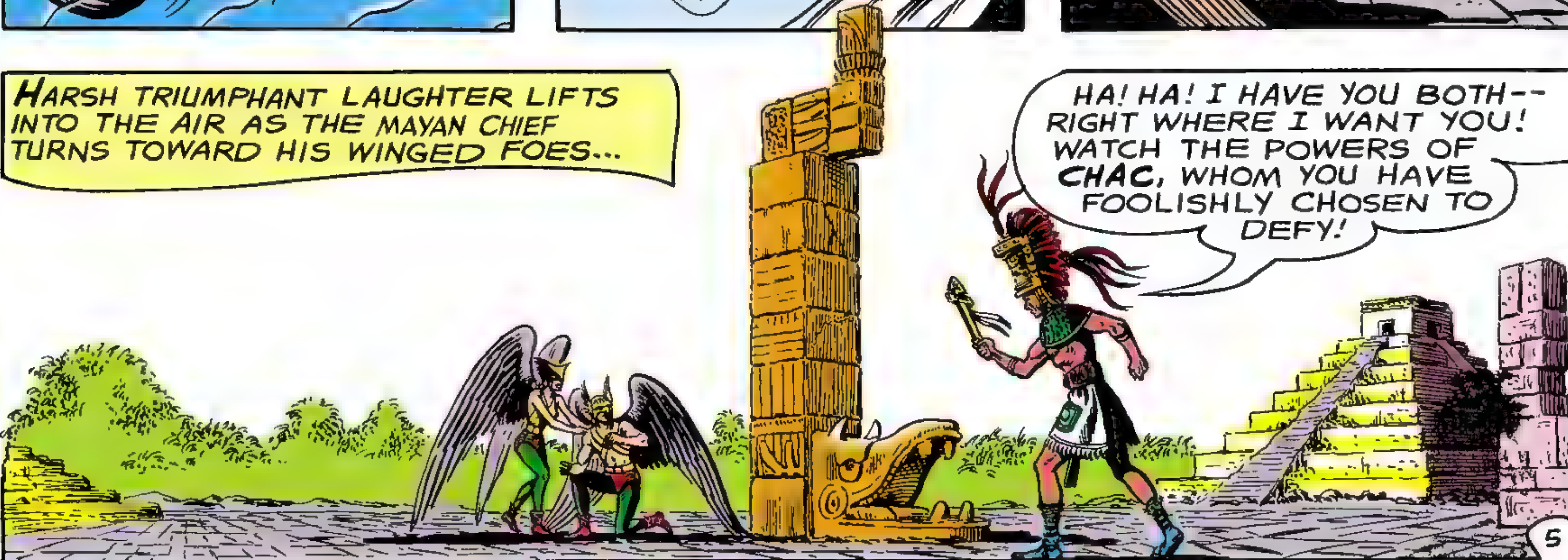
SWOOPING LIKE THE BIRD SHE RESEMBLES, HAWKGIRL PLUCKS BOOMERANG AND BULLROARER OUT OF THE AIR AS SHE SPEEDS TO HAWKMAN'S ASSISTANCE...

Whew! I COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MUCH MORE OF THOSE BATTERING SOUND-WAVES...

I MAY NEED THIS BOOMERANG AGAIN--SO I'D BETTER TAKE IT WITH ME.



HARSH TRIUMPHANT LAUGHTER LIFTS INTO THE AIR AS THE MAYAN CHIEF TURNS TOWARD HIS WINGED FOES...

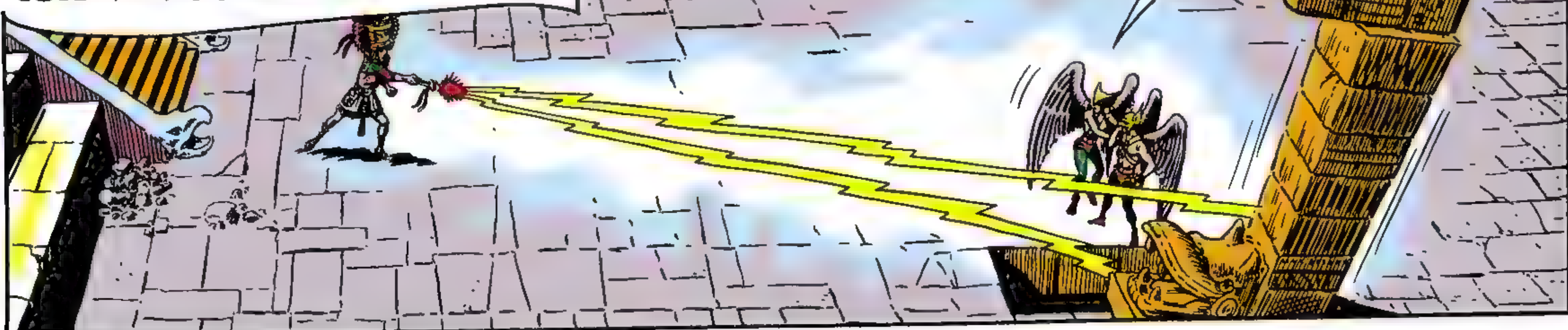


HA! HA! I HAVE YOU BOTH--RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU! WATCH THE POWERS OF CHAC, WHOM YOU HAVE FOOLISHLY CHOSEN TO DEFY!



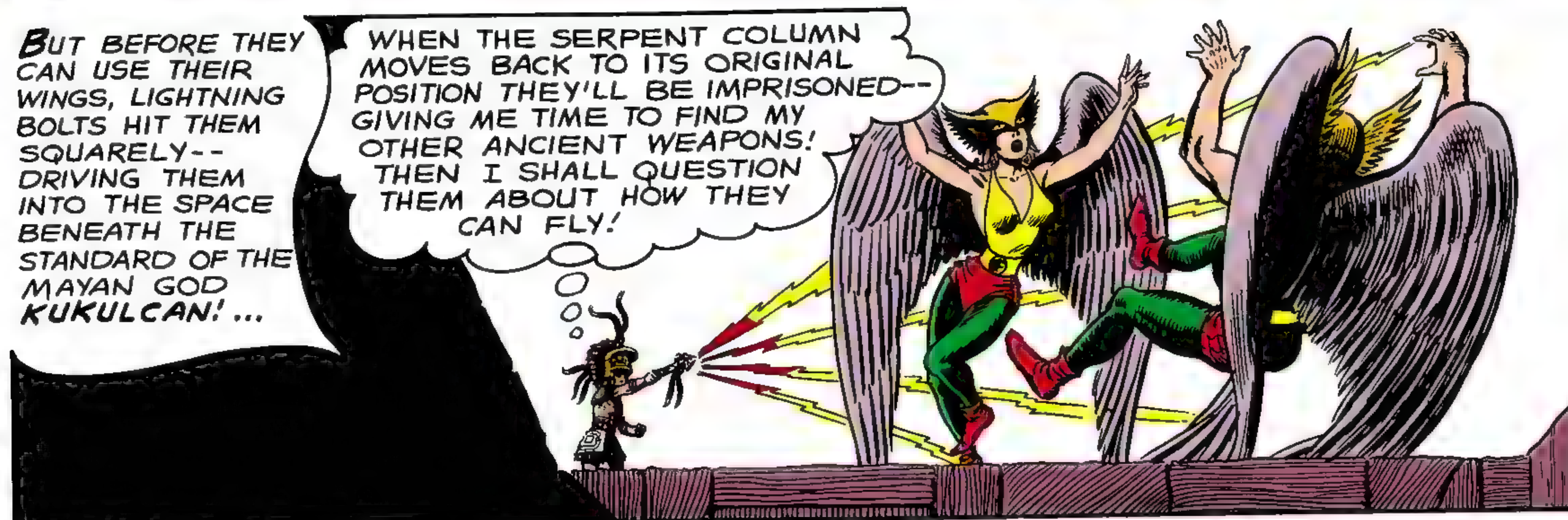
FROM CHAC'S FEATHERED ROD LEAP JAGGED GOLDEN FLARES OF LIGHTNING--MISSING HAWKMAN AND HAWKGIRL BUT HITTING INSTEAD THE GREAT SERPENT COLUMN ABOVE THEM...

HE'S MAKING THE COLUMN MOVE! HAWKMAN-- START FLYING!



BUT BEFORE THEY CAN USE THEIR WINGS, LIGHTNING BOLTS HIT THEM SQUARELY--DRIVING THEM INTO THE SPACE BENEATH THE STANDARD OF THE MAYAN GOD KUKULCAN! ...

WHEN THE SERPENT COLUMN MOVES BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL POSITION THEY'LL BE IMPRISONED--GIVING ME TIME TO FIND MY OTHER ANCIENT WEAPONS! THEN I SHALL QUESTION THEM ABOUT HOW THEY CAN FLY!



INSIDE THE VAULT OF KUKULCAN, HAWKMAN AND HAWKGIRL FIND THEIR UNDERGROUND PRISON IS A STOREHOUSE OF PICTURED HISTORY...

THERE'S A RECORD OF THIS PLACE PAINTED ON THOSE WALLS. MAYBE IT'LL HELP US SOLVE THE RIDDLE THAT BROUGHT US HERE!

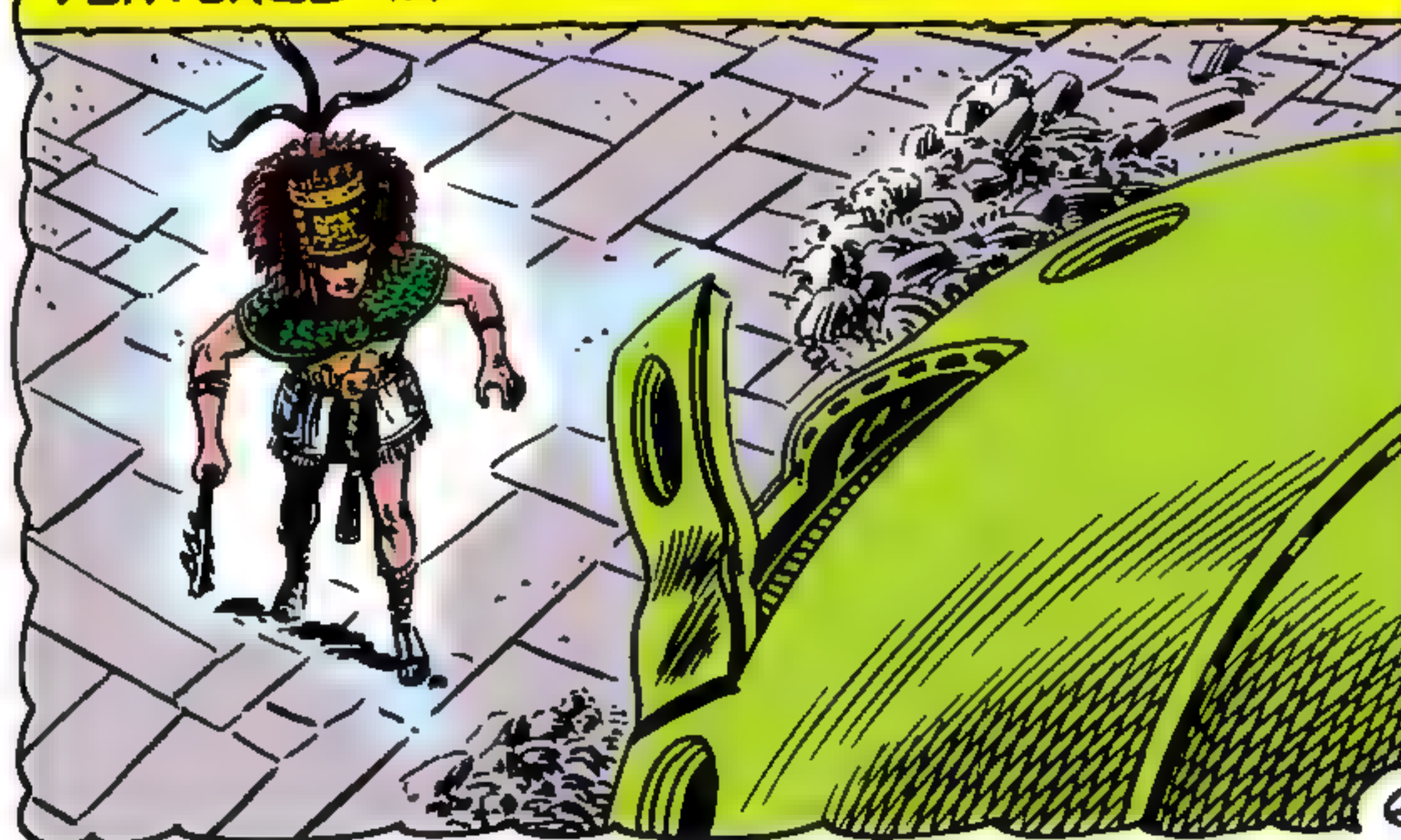
THANKS TO THE ABSORBASCON WE UNDERSTAND THE ANCIENT MAYAN LANGUAGES...



THEY READ: "IN THE DAYS OF THE FOUNDING OF TIKAL, OUR MIGHTIEST CITY, CHAC WAS OUR CHIEF. ONE DAY OUT OF THE SKY A STRANGE SPHERE FELL..."



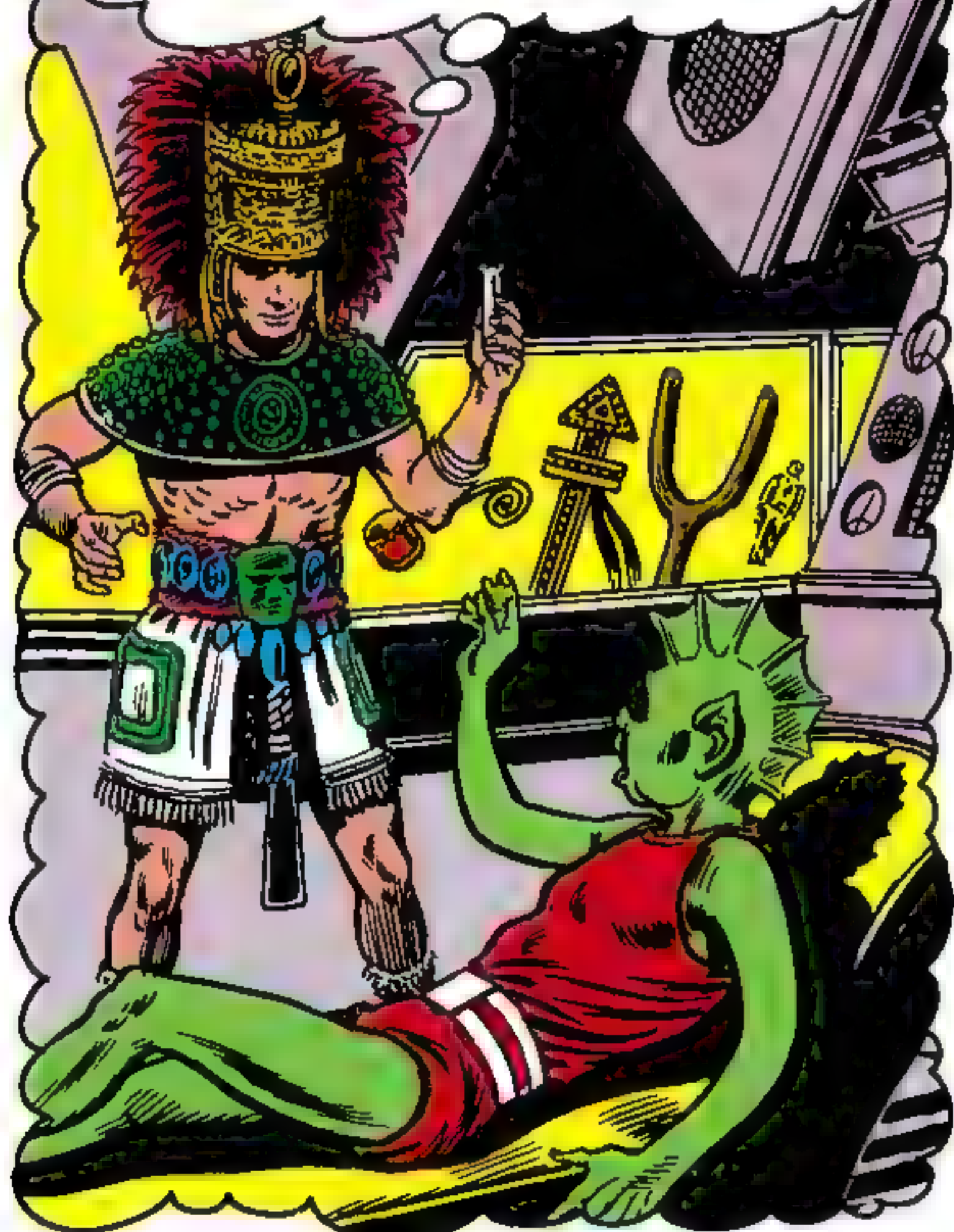
"AFTER IT CRASHED TO EARTH, CHAC ALONE VENTURED INTO THE SKY-SPHERE..."





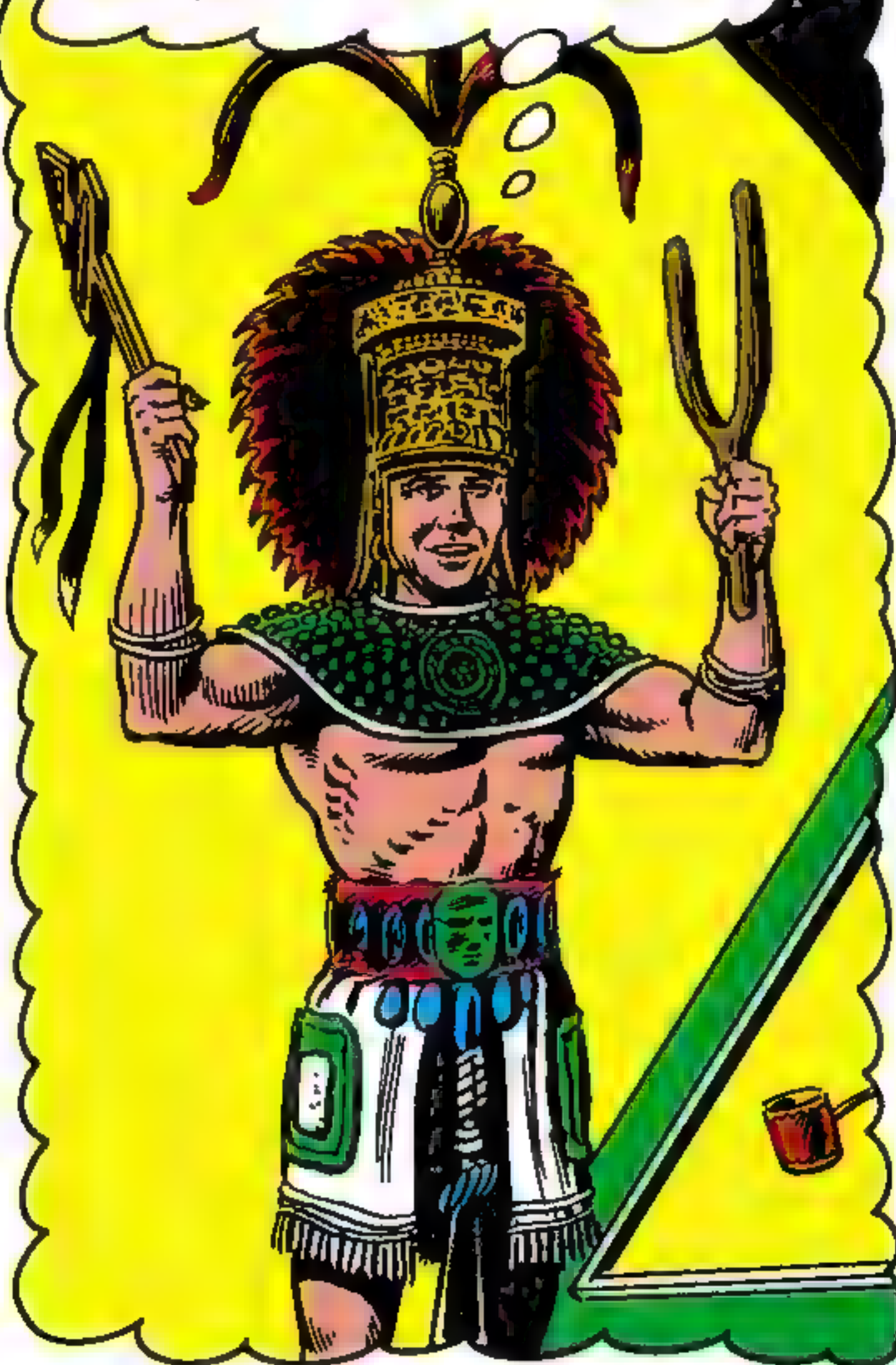
"FROM AN INJURED SKY-BEING INSIDE THE SPHERE, **CHAC** LEARNED MANY THINGS BY REASON OF A VOICE THAT SPOKE INSIDE HIS MIND..."

THE STRANGE BEING WANTS ME TO GIVE HIM THIS VIAL OF LIFE-PROLONGING MEDICINE -- TO CURE HIM! BUT I SHALL KEEP IT FOR MYSELF -- SO I CAN LIVE MANY, MANY MOONS...



"MIGHTY WAS **CHAC** BEFORE THE COMING OF THE SKY-SPHERE -- BUT MIGHTIER BY FAR WAS HE AFTER-WARD!..."

WHEN I LEARN THEIR USE, THESE OBJECTS FROM THE SKY WILL MAKE ME THE MOST POWERFUL PERSON IN ALL THE WORLD!



ALERTED BY A NEARBY SOUND, **HAWKMAN** AND **HAWKGIRL** TURN FROM THE PAINTED WALLS TO SEE...

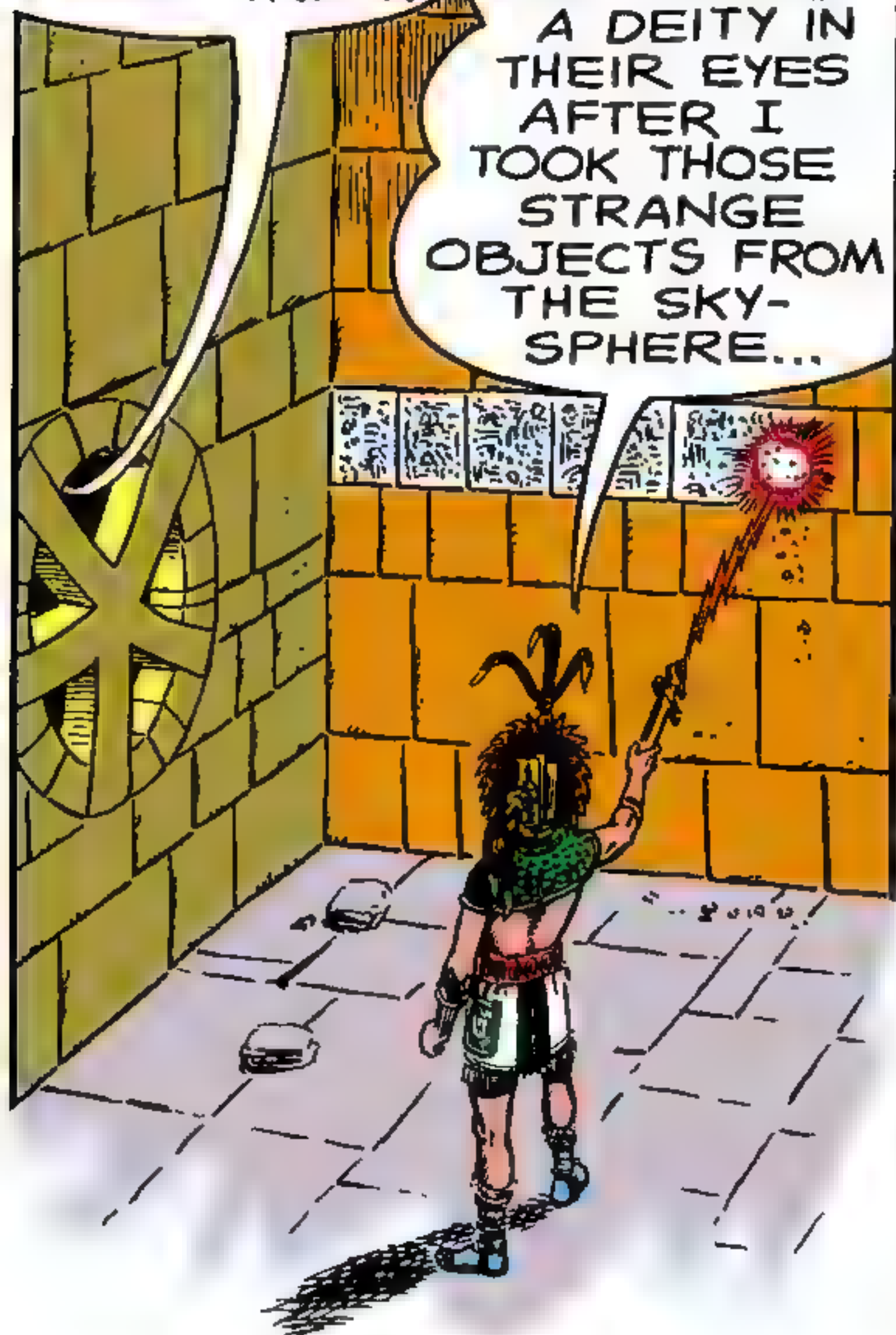
IT'S **CHAC**! WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO NOW?



AS THEY STARE, THE LIGHTNINGS LEAP FROM HIS STAFF ONCE AGAIN AS...

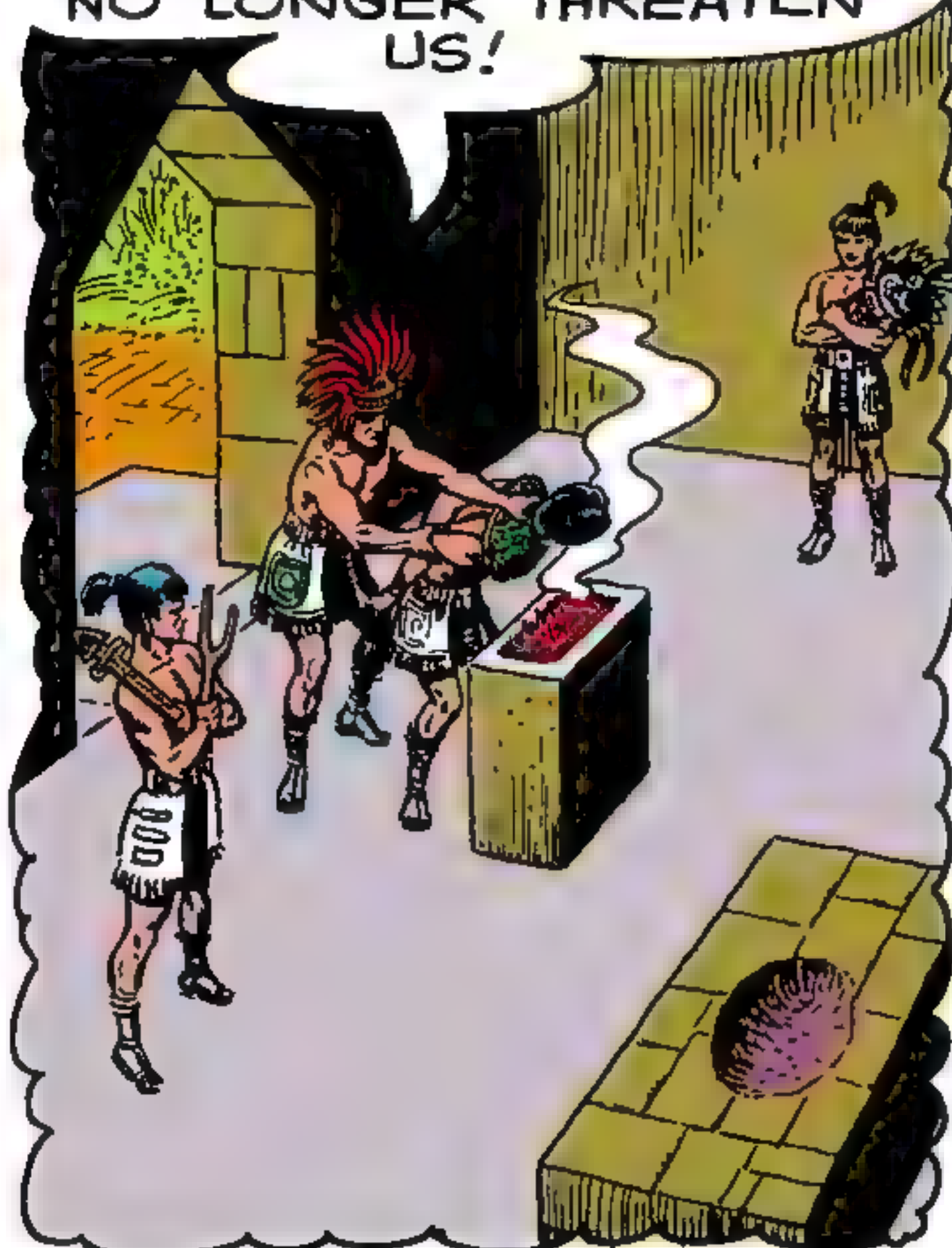
HE'S WRITING WITH STROKES OF LIGHTNING!

LONG DID I RULE THE MAYANS, BECOMING A DEITY IN THEIR EYES AFTER I TOOK THOSE STRANGE OBJECTS FROM THE SKY-SPHERE...



"THEN THE PEOPLE ROSE UP AGAINST MY RULE, CALLING ME A TYRANT. IN A SURPRISE ATTACK, THEY CAPTURED ME AND TOOK AWAY MY WEAPONS..."

SINCE YOUR BODY RESISTS DEATH, WE CANNOT KILL YOU -- BUT WITH THE HERBS OF FORGETFULNESS, WE SHALL REMOVE YOUR MEMORY SO YOU CAN NO LONGER THREATEN US!



"FOR UNTOLD MOONS AFTER THAT, I ROAMED THE JUNGLES OF YUCATAN. I SAW THE MAYAN CULTURE FALL AND ITS CITIES COLLAPSE INTO RUINS..."



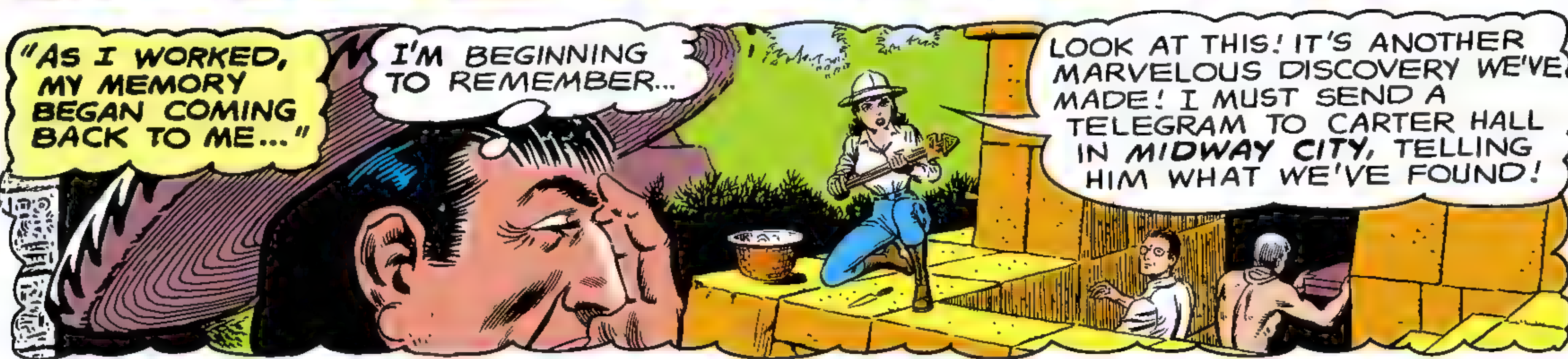




"THEN ONE DAY PEOPLE CAME FROM DISTANT LANDS AND BEGAN TO EXPLORE THE RUINS OF TIKAL, RECENTLY..."

WE'LL HIRE YOU TO HELP US CLEAR THE JUNGLE FROM AROUND THE RUINS.

ME GOOD WORKER. ME WORK HARD.



"AS I WORKED, MY MEMORY BEGAN COMING BACK TO ME..."

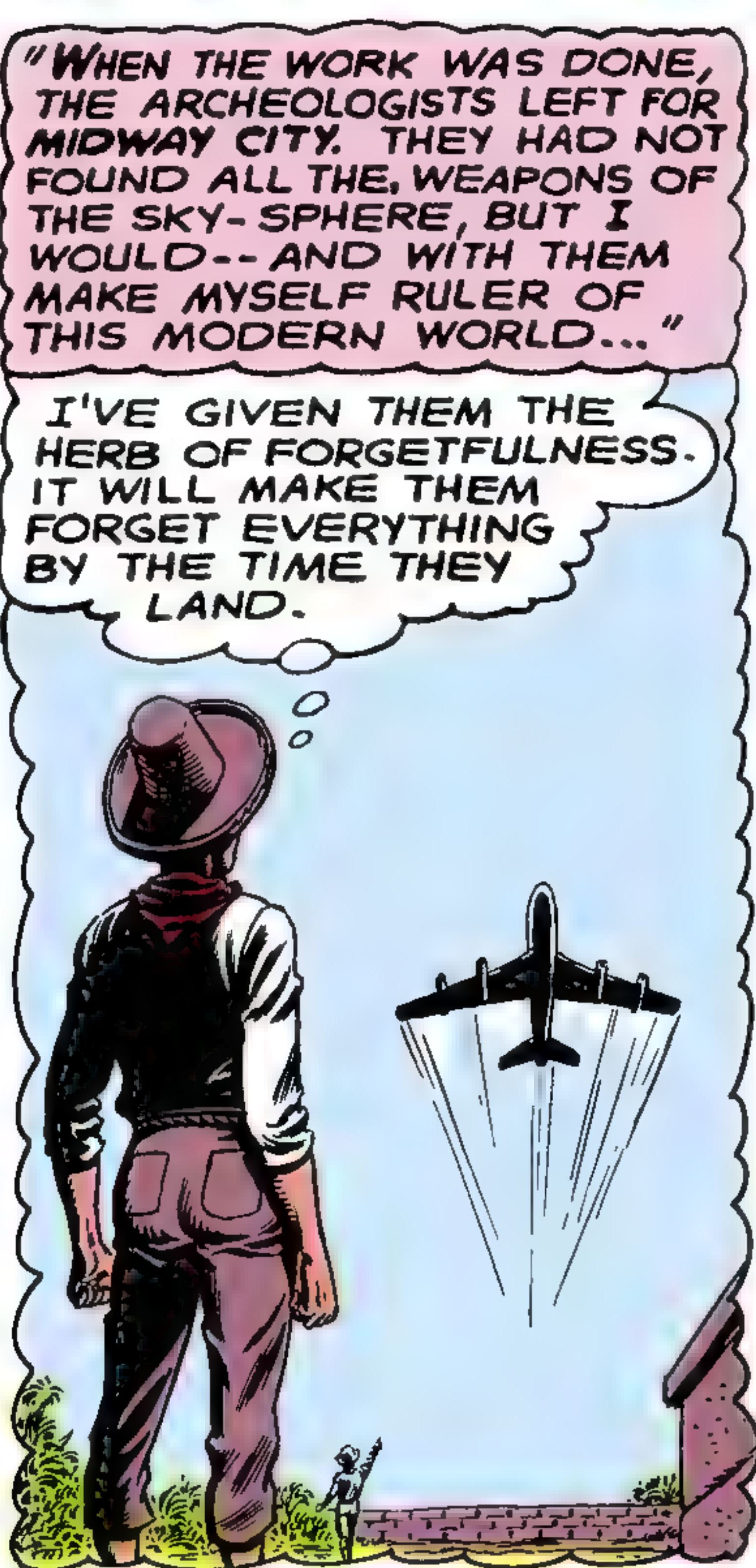
I'M BEGINNING TO REMEMBER...

LOOK AT THIS! IT'S ANOTHER MARVELOUS DISCOVERY WE'VE MADE! I MUST SEND A TELEGRAM TO CARTER HALL IN MIDWAY CITY, TELLING HIM WHAT WE'VE FOUND!



"I, DUNG MYSELF INTO THE WORK WITH EVEN GREATER ENTHUSIASM, AS MY MEMORY KEPT RETURNING..."

I AM CHAC-- MASTER OF THE WIND AND RAIN, OF LIGHTNING AND THUNDER! THIS MASK IS ONE OF MY MANY WEAPONS!



"WHEN THE WORK WAS DONE, THE ARCHEOLOGISTS LEFT FOR MIDWAY CITY. THEY HAD NOT FOUND ALL THE WEAPONS OF THE SKY- SPHERE, BUT I WOULD-- AND WITH THEM MAKE MYSELF RULER OF THIS MODERN WORLD..."

I'VE GIVEN THEM THE HERB OF FORGETFULNESS. IT WILL MAKE THEM FORGET EVERYTHING BY THE TIME THEY LAND.



AS THE LAST WORD IS CARVED ON THE TEMPLE WALL...

NOW THAT MY STORY HAS BEEN INSCRIBED, I'LL GET MY OTHER WEAPONS FROM THE RUINS WHERE THE MAYANS HID THEM. ONCE I HAVE THEM, NO FORCE ON EARTH CAN STAND IN MY WAY!



IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THEIR TEMPLE PRISON, HAWKGIRL TURNS TO HER HUSBAND...

UNLESS WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE-- FAST-- CHAC WILL CAUSE TERRIBLE DAMAGE ON EARTH!



WITH THEIR WINGS BEATING THE MUSTY AIR, THE WINGED WONDERS TRY TO BUDGE THE STONE BASE OF THE SERPENT COLUMN ...

IT'S -- NO USE! WE AREN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO-- MOVE IT!

HOW ABOUT TRYING THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH WE WATCHED **CHAC** WRITE THE FINAL CHAPTERS OF HIS STORY!



HERE AGAIN EVEN THE COMBINED STRENGTH OF **HAWKMAN** AND **HAWKGIRL** IS NOT SUFFICIENT TO OPEN A PATH OUT OF THEIR TRAP...

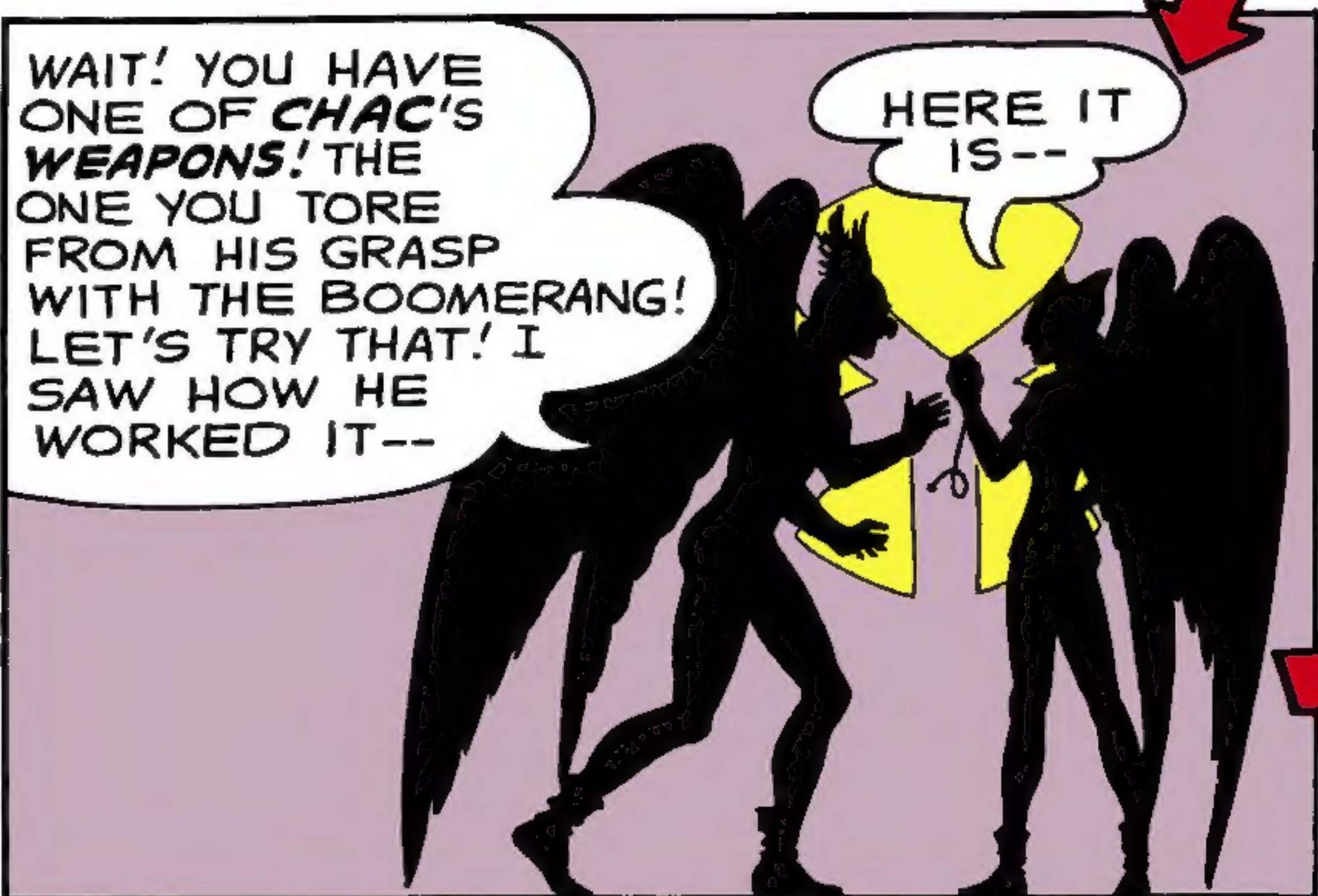
NO GOOD...

NONE OF OUR WEAPONS WILL HELP US EITHER--



WAIT! YOU HAVE ONE OF **CHAC**'S WEAPONS! THE ONE YOU TORE FROM HIS GRASP WITH THE BOOMERANG! LET'S TRY THAT! I SAW HOW HE WORKED IT--

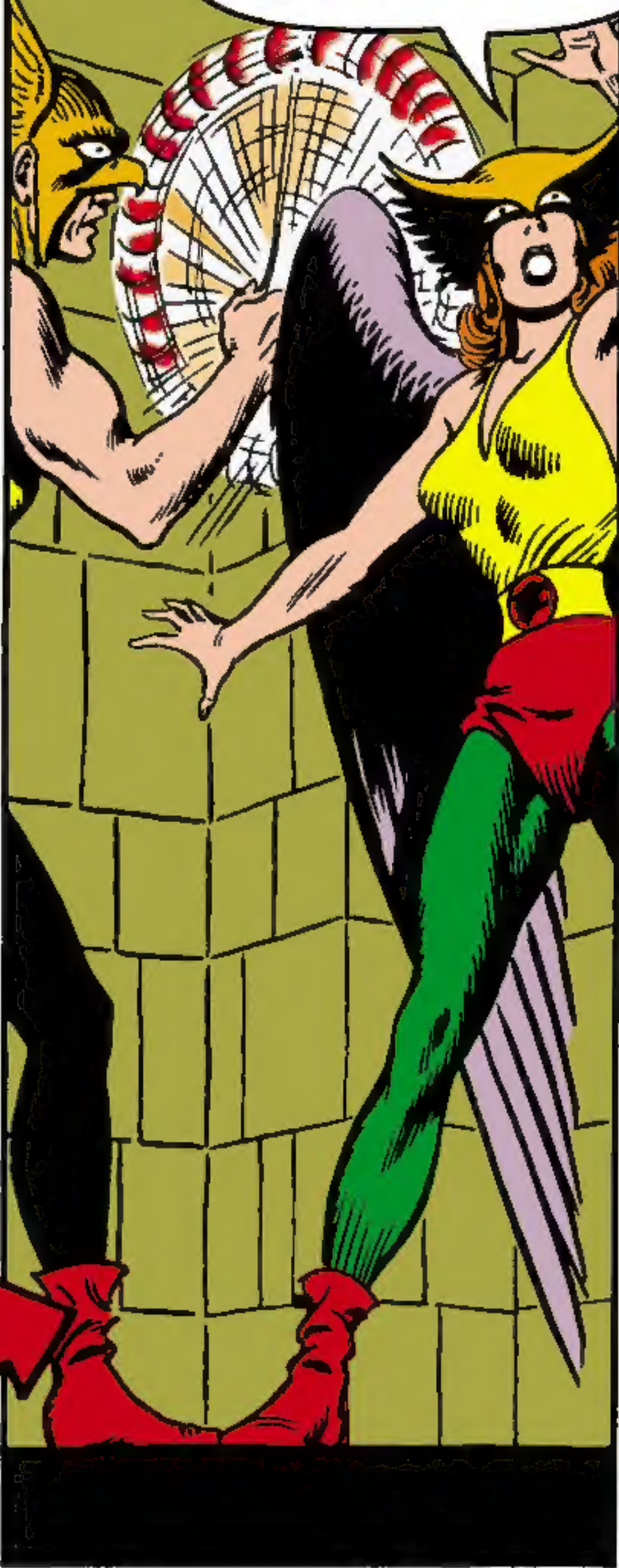
HERE IT IS--



TAKING THE **BULLROARER** IN A HAND, THE WINGED WONDER ROTATES IT SO SWIFTLY HE FILLS THEIR UNDERGROUND TRAP WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH OF TANGIBLE SOUND! ...



THE CEILING IS FALLING! WE'LL BE CRUSHED IN THE DOWNFALL--!



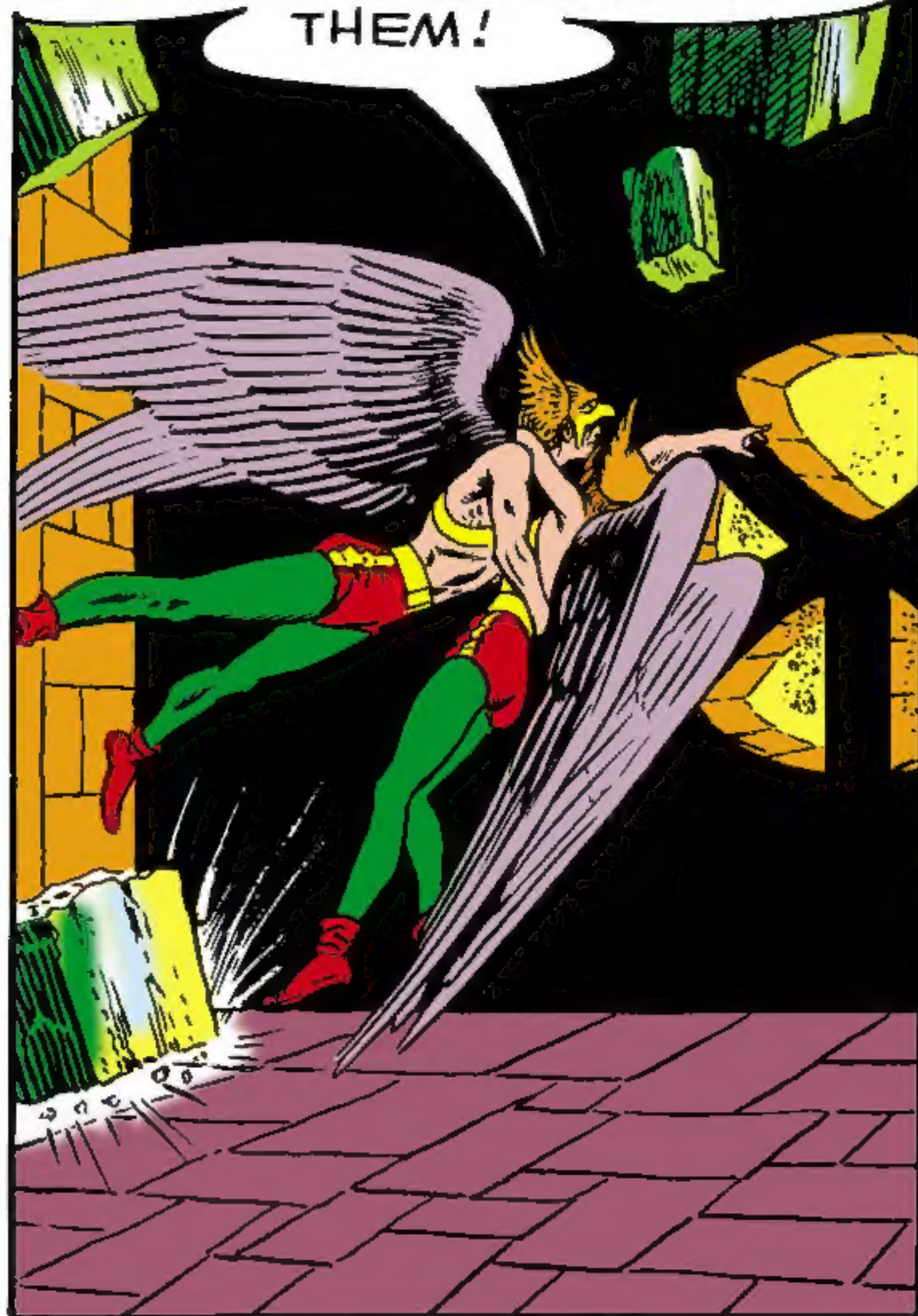
WITH A CRASH OF FALLING ROCK AND STONE, THE ENTIRE CEILING COLLAPSES...





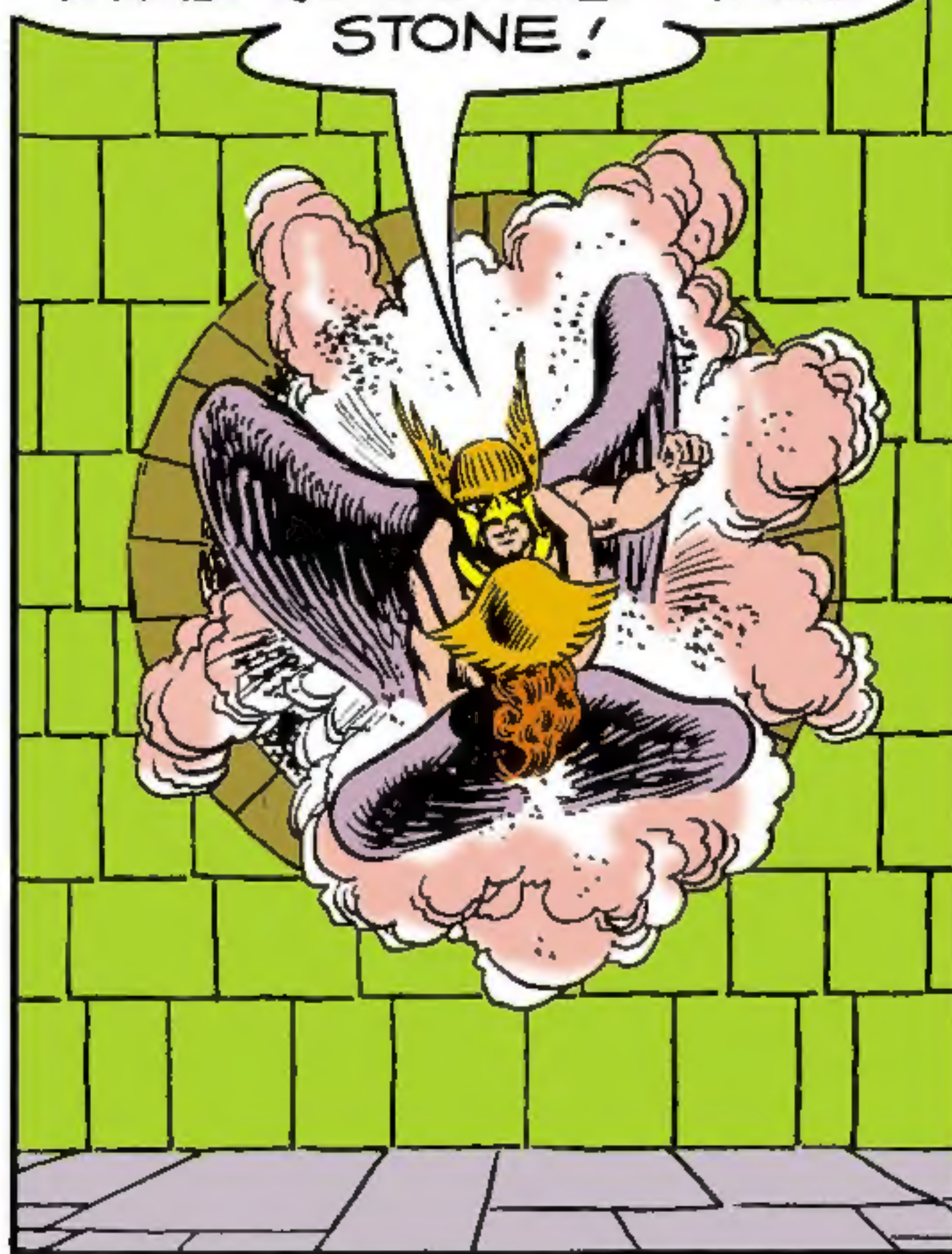
THEN-- EVEN AS THE FIRST OF THE DROPPING STONES MISSES THEM-- **HAWKMAN'S** KEEN EYES SPOT...

ONE LAST HOPE! THE VIBRATION OF THE CEILING AND ITS FALLING STONES IS SHAKING THE STONE BARS OF THE WINDOW! AND-- I SEE POWDER FALLING FROM THEM!



FLYING FORWARD AT TERRIFIC SPEED, THE **WINGED WONDER** RAMS INTO THE STONE BARS-- CRUMBLING THEM INTO POWDER...

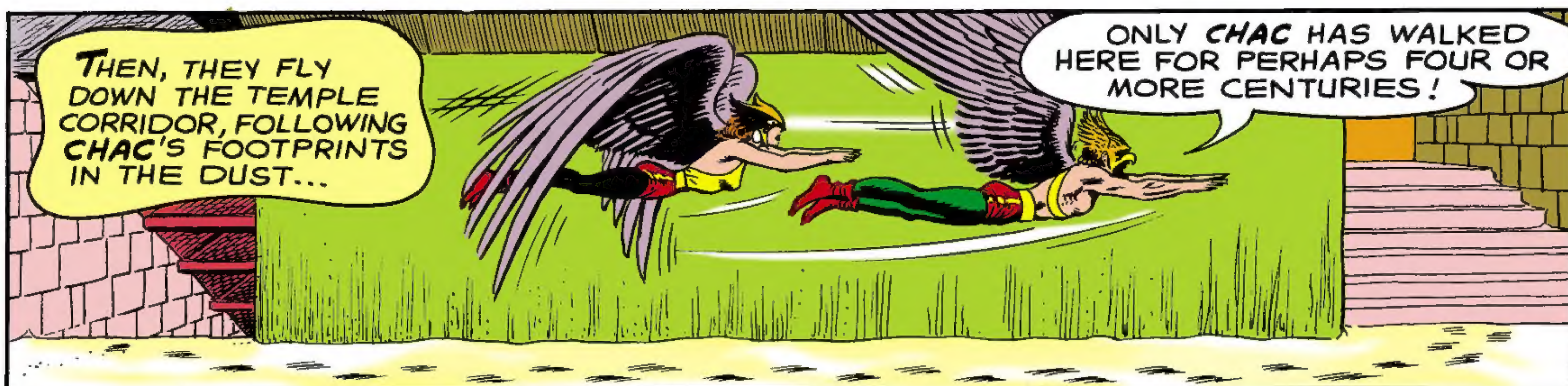
THE SOUND FROM THE **BULLROARER** WAS SO GREAT IT TURNED THE STONE BARS TO POWDER BUT THEY RETAINED THEIR SHAPE UNTIL THE VIBRATION OF THE FALLING CEILING REVEALED THAT THEY WERE NO LONGER TRUE STONE!



FOR AN INSTANT, **HAWKMAN** CRUSHES **HAWKGIRL** TO HIM, FOR THEIR ORDEAL HAS BEEN A DESPERATE ONE...



THEN, THEY FLY DOWN THE TEMPLE CORRIDOR, FOLLOWING **CHAC'S** FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST...

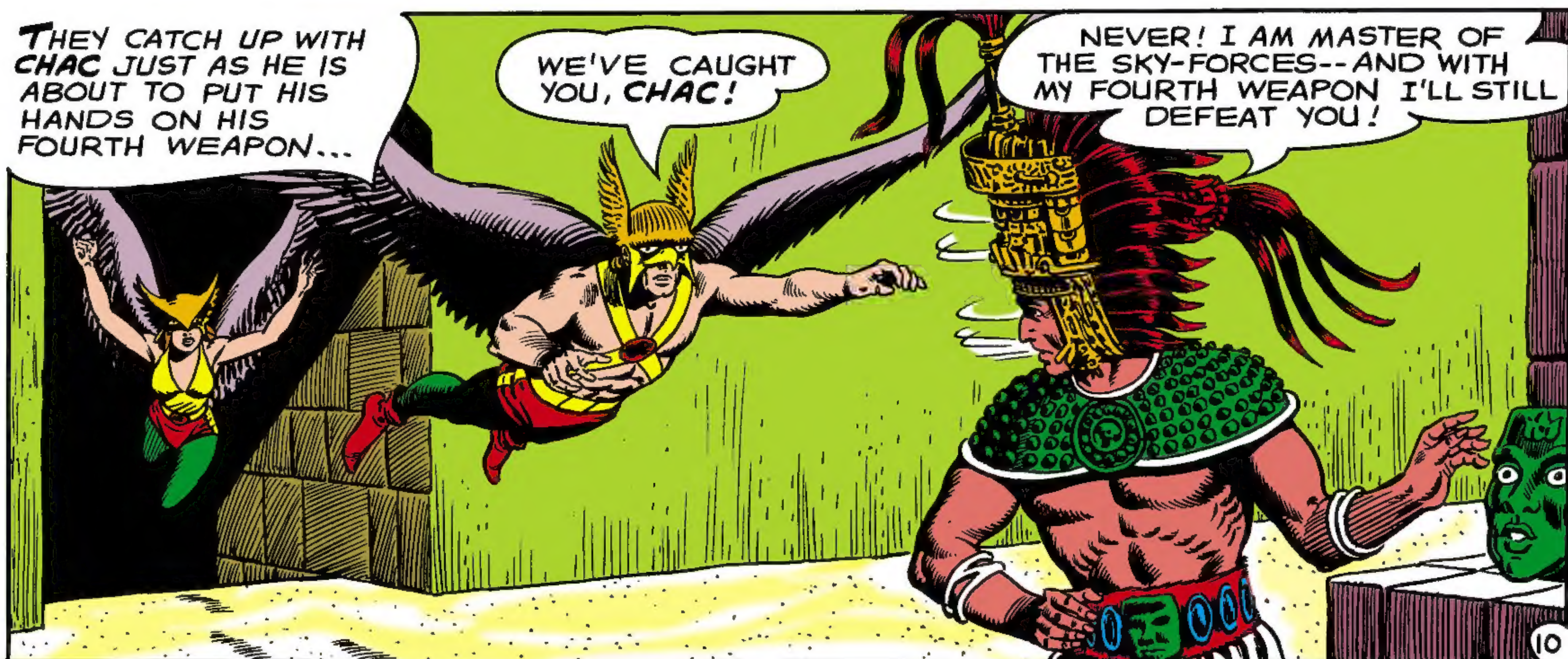


ONLY **CHAC** HAS WALKED HERE FOR PERHAPS FOUR OR MORE CENTURIES!

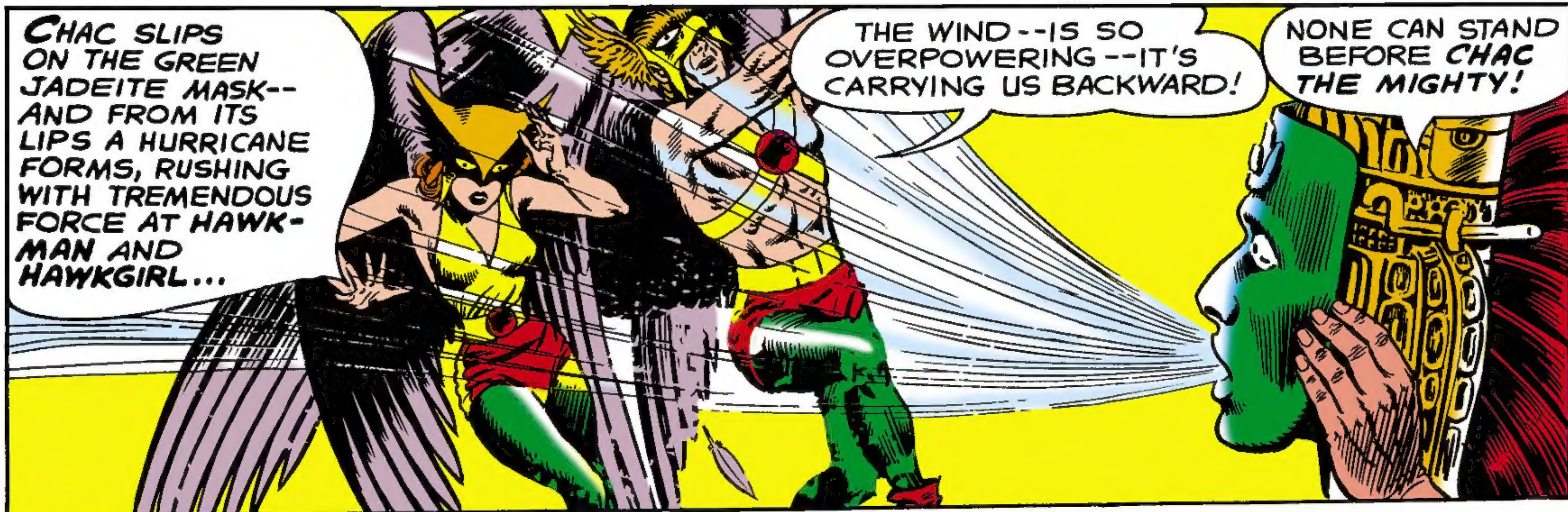
THEY CATCH UP WITH **CHAC** JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO PUT HIS HANDS ON HIS FOURTH WEAPON...

WE'VE CAUGHT YOU, **CHAC**!

NEVER! I AM MASTER OF THE SKY-FORCES-- AND WITH MY FOURTH WEAPON I'LL STILL DEFEAT YOU!



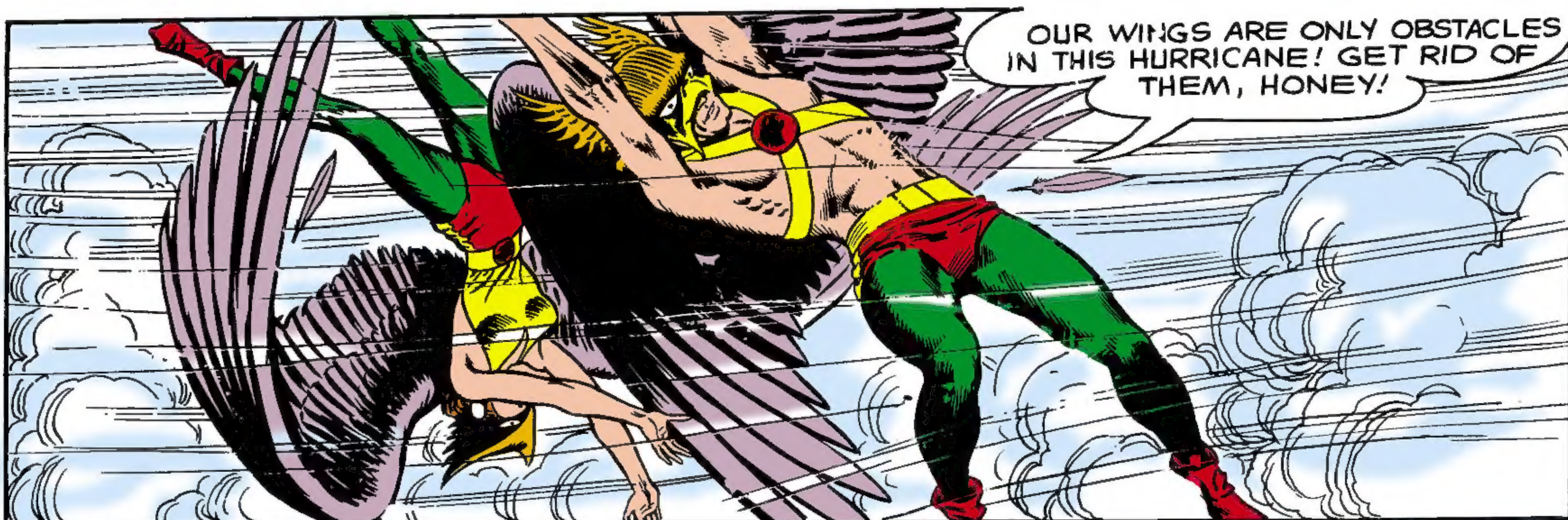




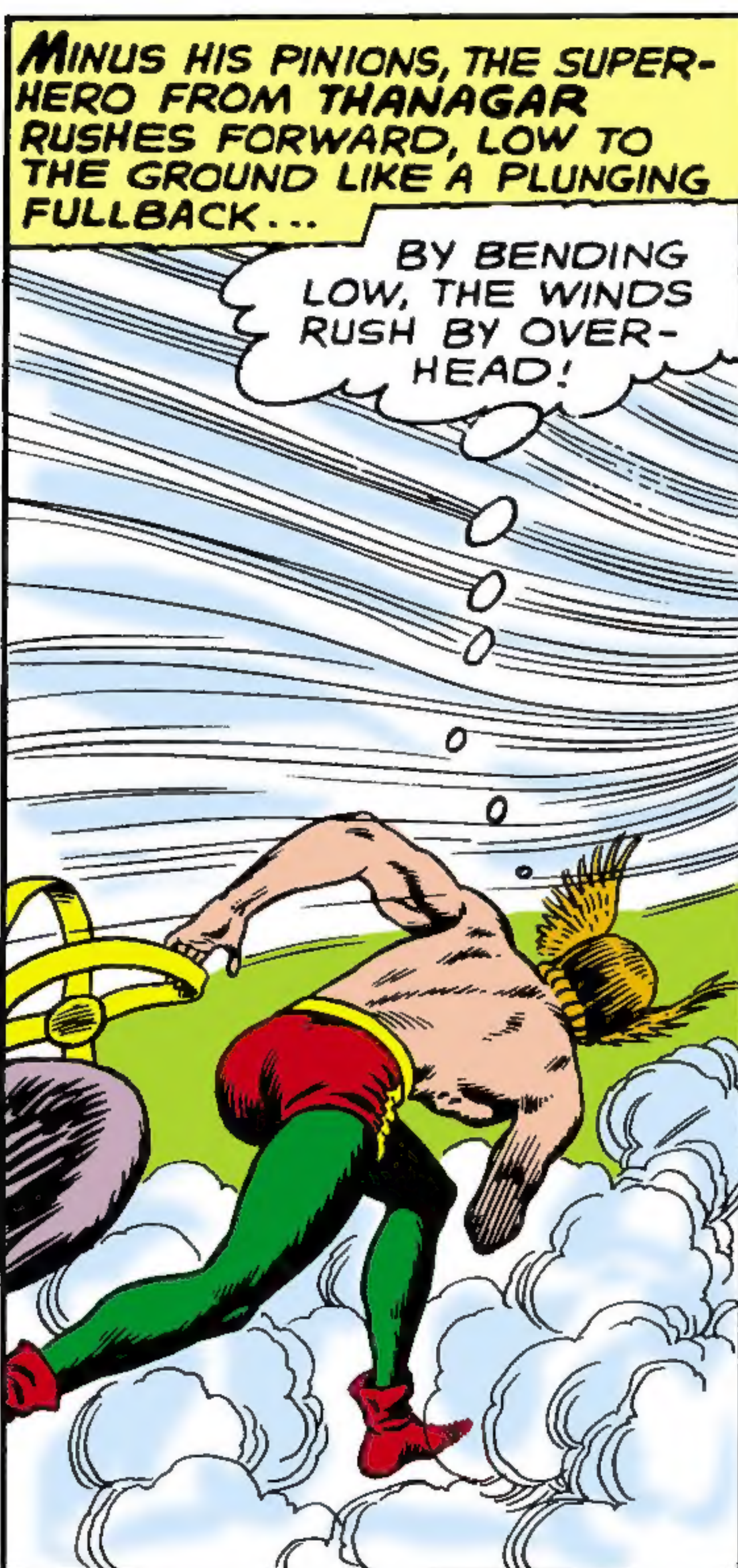
**CHAC SLIPS ON THE GREEN JADEITE MASK-- AND FROM ITS LIPS A HURRICANE FORMS, RUSHING WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE AT HAWKMAN AND HAWKGIRL...**

THE WIND--IS SO OVERPOWERING--IT'S CARRYING US BACKWARD!

NONE CAN STAND BEFORE **CHAC THE MIGHTY!**



OUR WINGS ARE ONLY OBSTACLES IN THIS HURRICANE! GET RID OF THEM, HONEY!



**MINUS HIS PINIONS, THE SUPERHERO FROM THANAGAR RUSHES FORWARD, LOW TO THE GROUND LIKE A PLUNGING FULLBACK...**

BY BENDING LOW, THE WINDS RUSH BY OVERHEAD!



**HE SLAMS INTO CHAC SO HARD HIS MASK IS WHIPPED OFF HIS FACE...**

MY WIND-MASK-- SHATTERED! STILL, I HAVE ONE LAST WEAPON TO USE! AGAINST IT-- THERE IS **NO DEFENSE!**



**HIS HANDS GRIP AND LIFT A STUCCO HEAD...**

MAN WITH WINGS-- YOU PERISH!



